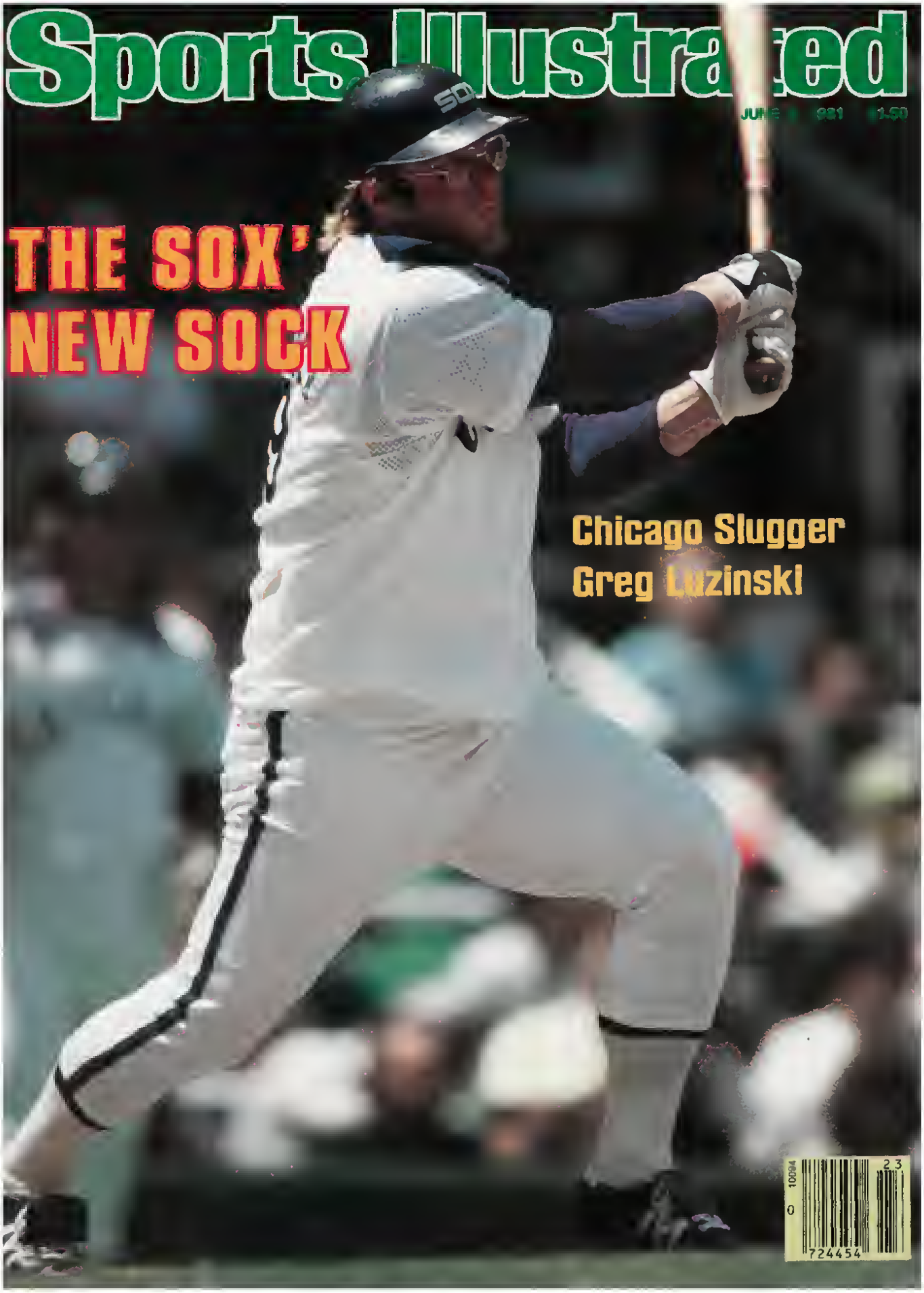

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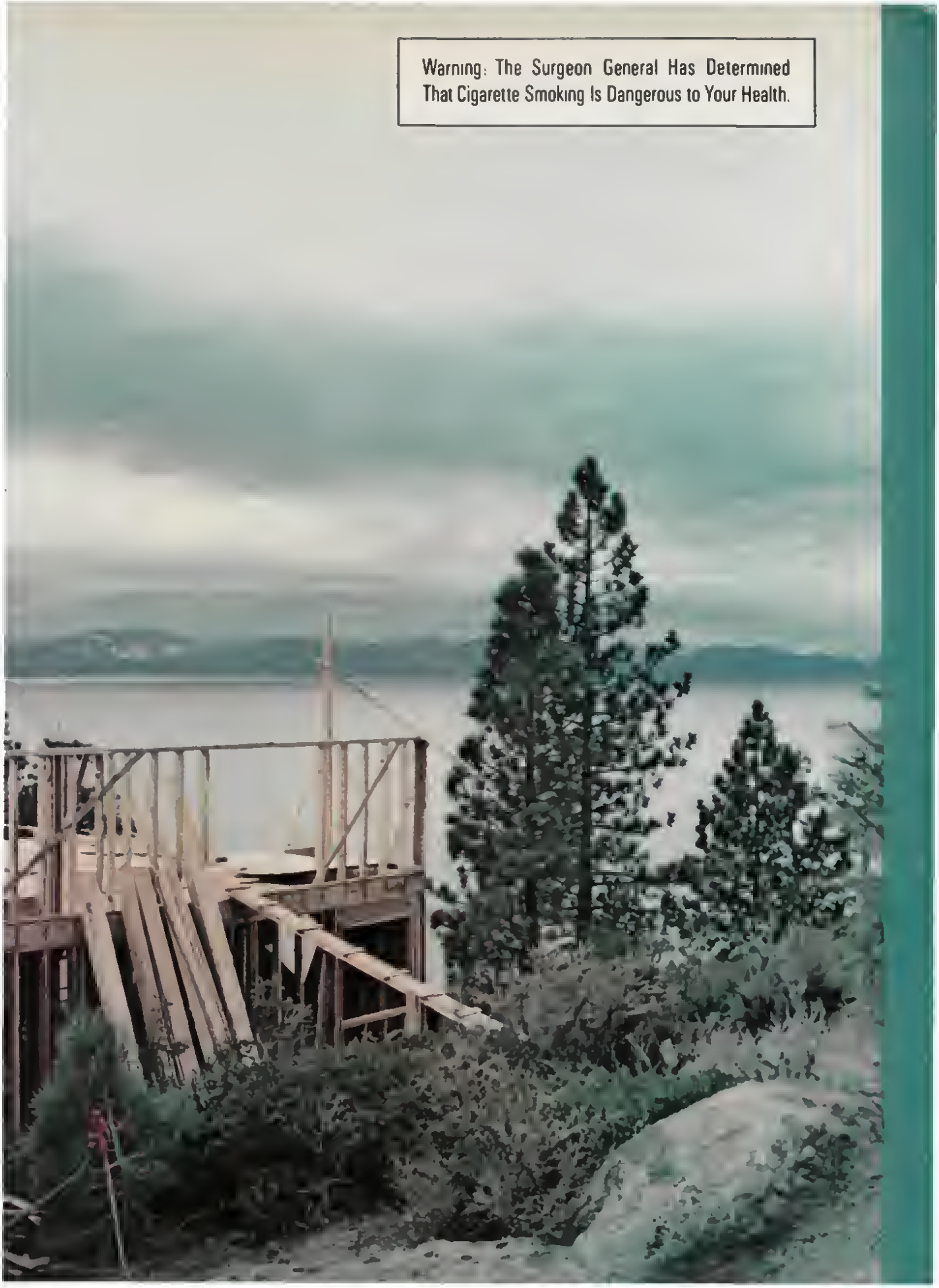
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



McCALLUM: IRRESISTIBLE PERSISTENCE

Staff Writer Jack McCallum, whose stories on the Jumbo Elliott Invitational Track Meet and NBA Guard John Lucas appear in this issue, has been a sportswriter since the age of 12, when he covered the scene in his native Mays Landing, N.J.—two miles from "the world's biggest cranberry bog"—for the *Atlantic County Record.* McCallum wasn't always the berries as an athlete—he ruefully recalls writing, "After McCallum struck out . . ." But the occasionally embarrassing content of his stories wasn't the reason he chose to refuse a byline back then. What bothered him more was his cliché-ridden style.

McCallum may have had his problems at the plate and at the typewriter, but he was so fast as a 13-year-old end that his Pop Warner League teammates named a play after him, The McCallum Special, a double reverse. In eight games he scored 12 touchdowns. Getting into the end zone took its toll: McCallum weighed 84 pounds, and the maximum was 120. It was 150 the following year, and McCallum was still 84. On the season's first play, going out for a pass, he was hit so hard that he said to himself, "I will never play football again." He finished the season and never did play football again.

He also played basketball, giving up the piano for it in high school when there wasn't enough time for both. He would have continued to play at Muhlenberg College, but the Mules had conference championship teams, and McCallum wasn't good enough to start. He was better at pouring iron, which he did part time during his senior year, when his money was running out; a week after he quit, his successor was killed on the job.

After graduating with a degree in English, McCallum applied for work at *The Globe-Times* in Bethlehem, Pa., "giving them my eager pitch," he says, and was assigned that night to cover a basketball game. He stayed for eight years, writing about "the gritty veteran guard," and "the hustling sharpshooter." He says now, "I might have continued to write that way, but I was reading SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, and I thought, 'I'm going about this wrong.' "

While at *The Globe-Times*, McCallum earned a master's degree from Lehigh and wrote what he calls "one of the lowest-selling sports books of all time," a biography of Chuck Bednarik entitled *Bednarik: Last of the Sixty-Minute Men.* He also co-authored a how-to book on wrestling, published by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED as part of its instructional series. Then, after submitting "30 million story suggestions," he got a free-lance assignment from us. It was to do a story on softball Pitcher Ty Stofflet, and the piece was published in the May 28, 1979 issue. Last March, McCallum became a staff writer.

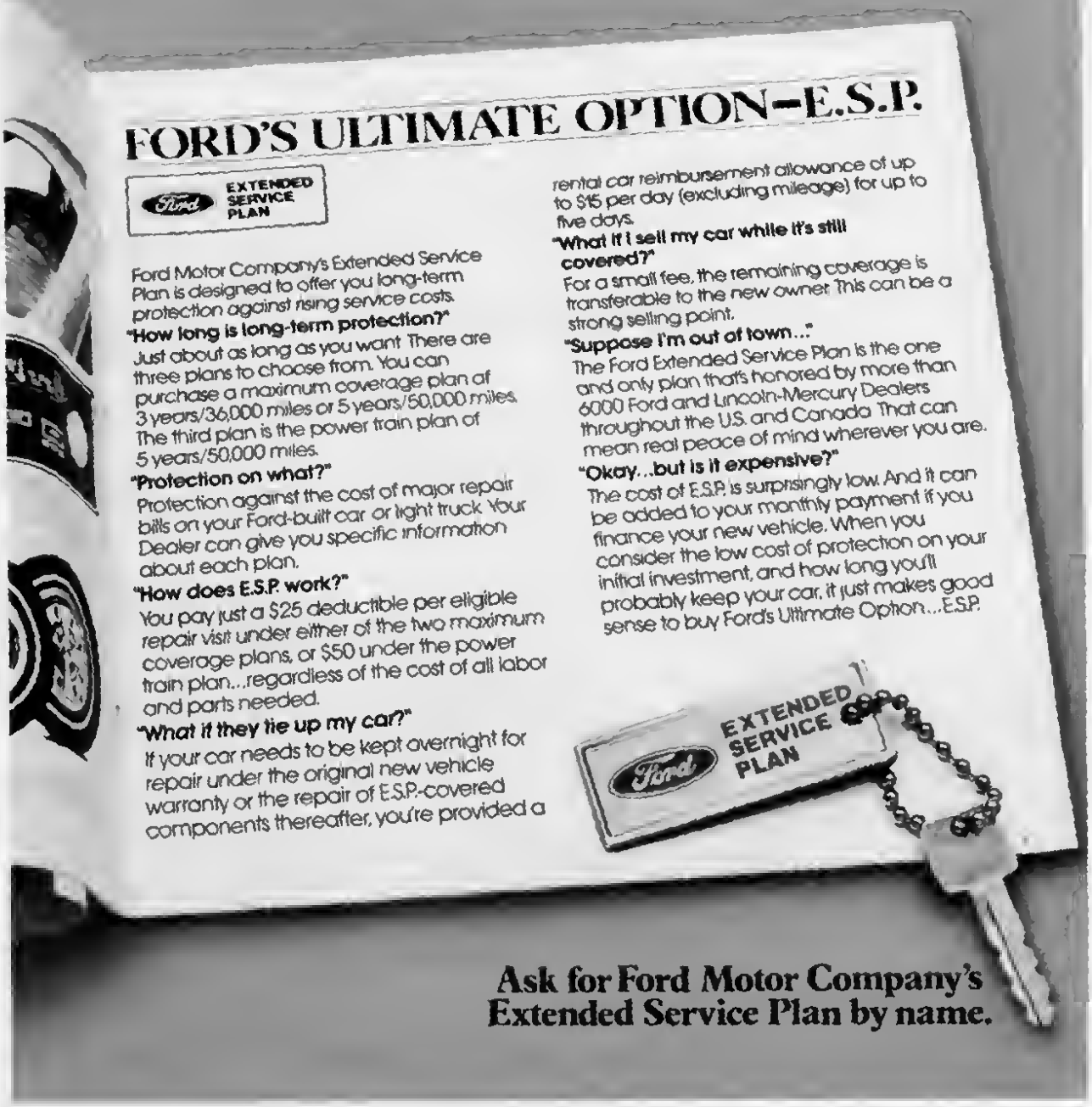
McCallum's weight is up to 175 now, and he spends his leisure time "injuring myself playing basketball—back, neck, ankle, knee and hamstring in the last three weeks. I probably should've stuck with the piano."

We're glad he stuck to writing, and assume he is, too. After all, he lets us put bylines on his articles.

Philip D. Hoblet

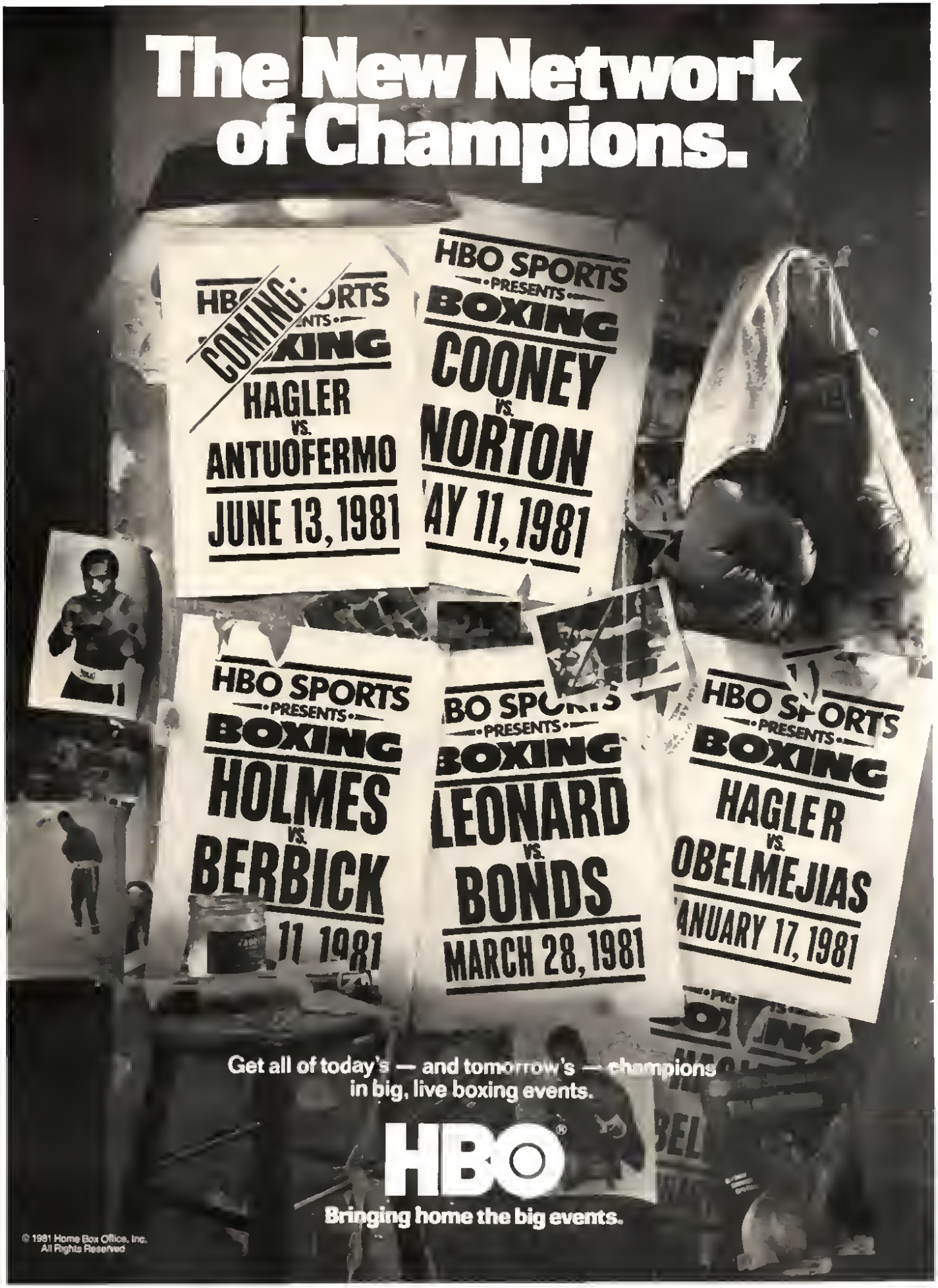
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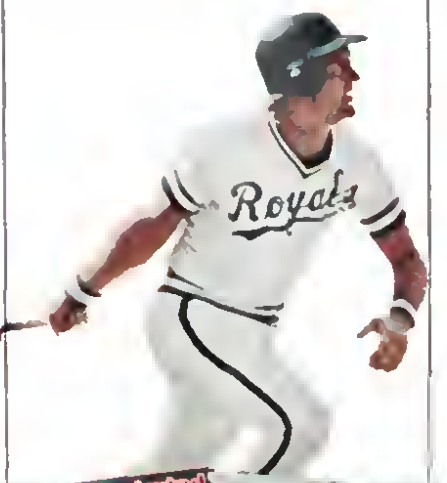
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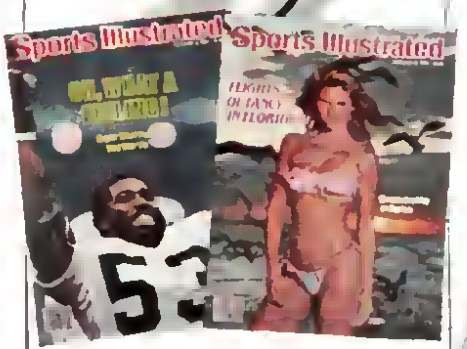
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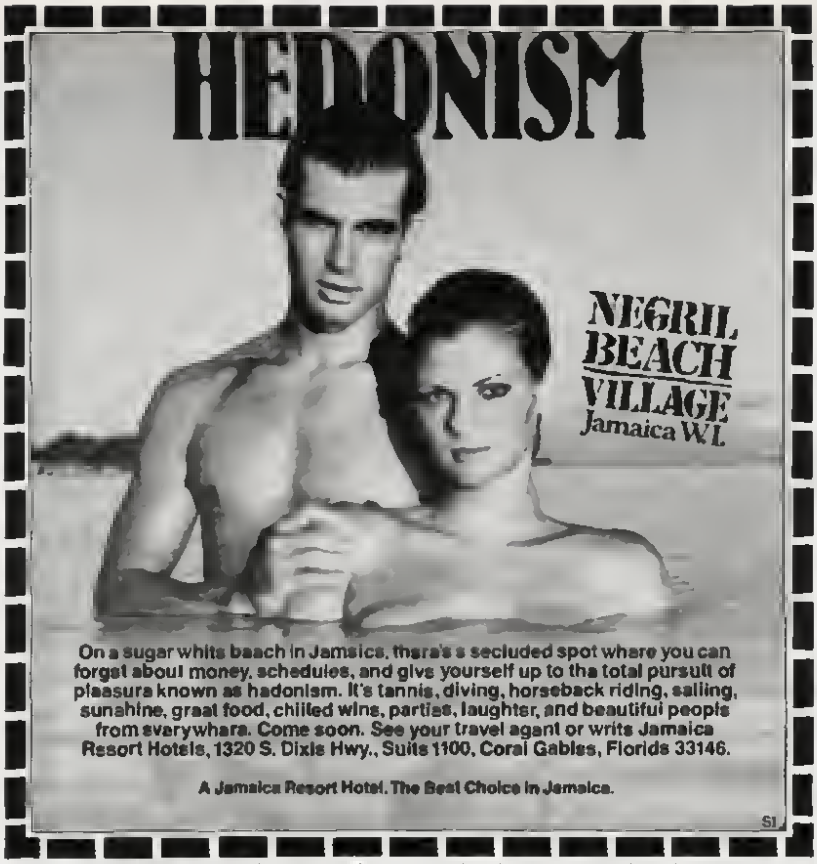








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BOOKTALK

by BOB OTTUM

HERE'S A BOOK THAT'S GREAT TO LOOK AT, BUT YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO READ IT

Dear Lisa Lyon,

This is a mash note in response to the book *Lisa Lyon's Body Magic*, that you, loosely speaking, wrote with Douglas Kent Hall (Bantam, $9.95). For the benefit of anybody out there who might miss it, this volume is a large-format paperback with a red cover and yellow type. And there, right on the front, is a black-and-white photo of the luscious Lisa, wearing a tank top and tight shorts, a barbell draped lightly across her shoulders. Her hair falls in studied disarray, and she looks straight into the camera with large dark eyes, her mouth slightly ajar. This is a look distilled from a thousand generations of seductresses, and it's only after staring at the photo for long moments that one notices the type in the lower right-hand corner: "A total program of body conditioning by the first world woman's bodybuilding champion."

The way this book makes the reader oblivious to such things as subtitles and other typographical niceties is why this is a mash note and not really a review. Feminists are going to hate some of the things I'm about to say, but let them go out and find their own darn book; I've found mine. This isn't so much a book as it is an example of the power of packaging as done by those wily folks at Bantam. On the inside the text is minimal, and thank goodness, because what there is of it is poorly written and loosely edited. Lest you think I jest, consider this sentence: "An important step is to stand in front of a mirror wearing no clothes . . . " which is, I guess, as opposed to standing in front of a fully clothed mirror. Or this: "Lisa is engaged to married the well-known French singer Bernard Lavilliers." Uh, how's that again? But those are mere examples to prove a point; again, as I've said, the text isn't important. If it's lofty prose you want, go buy *War and Peace*.

Consider, instead, the simple, uncomplicated joys of body magic; after all,

continued

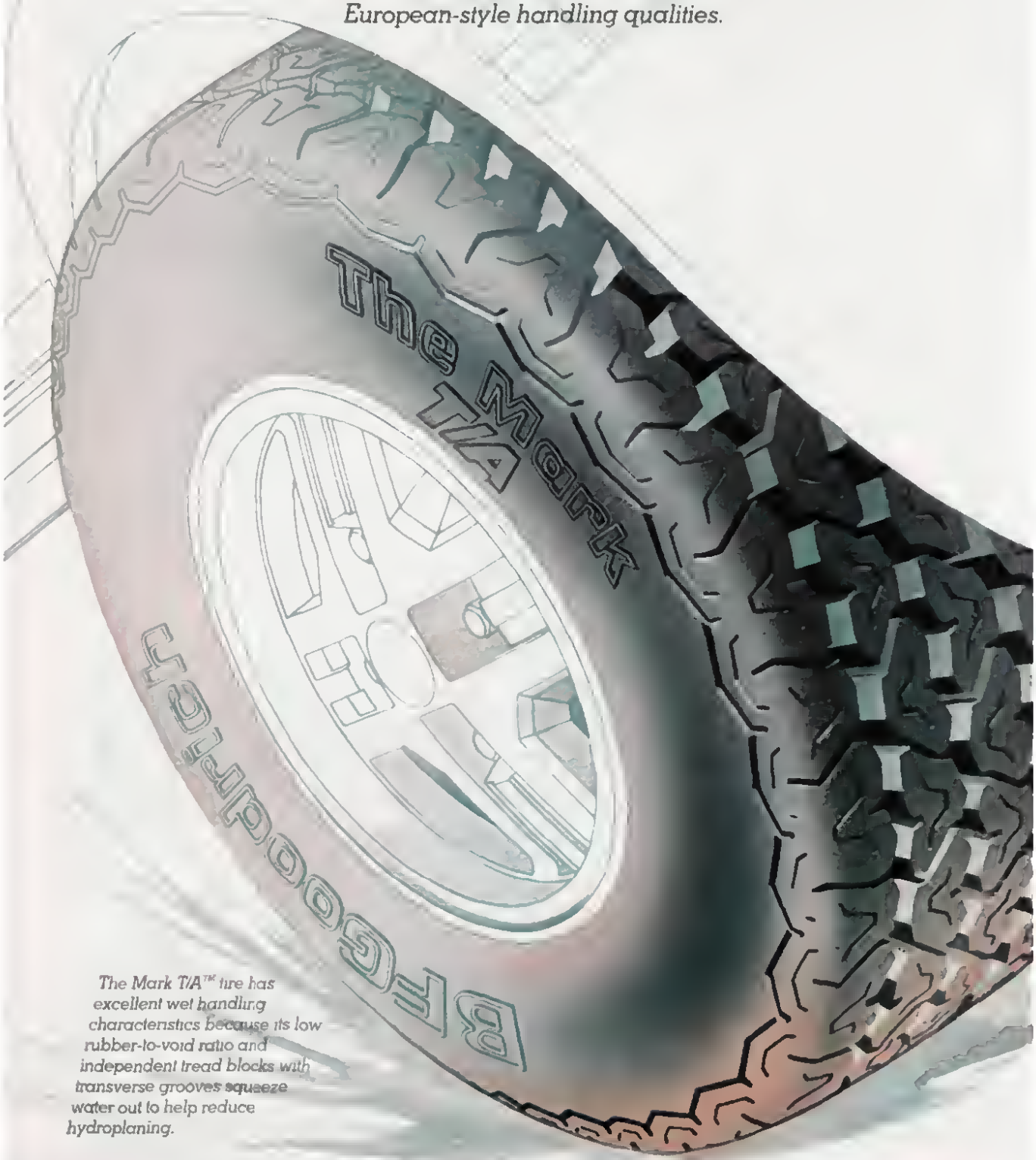

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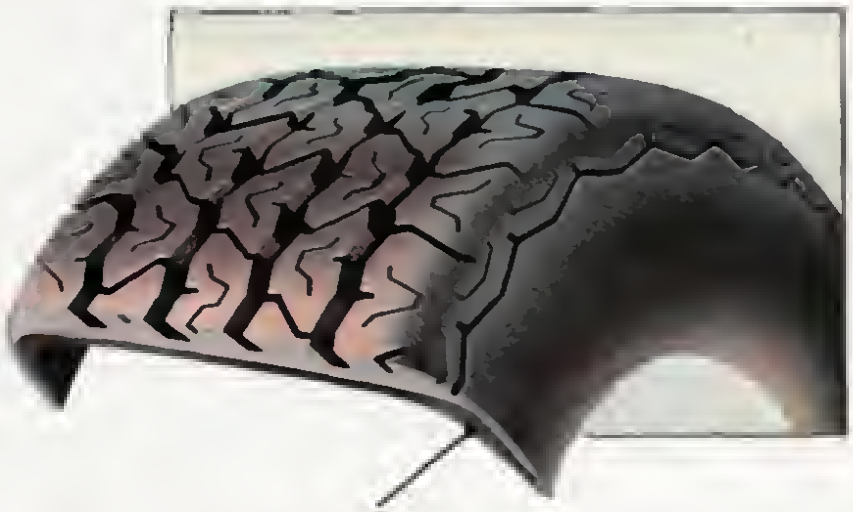


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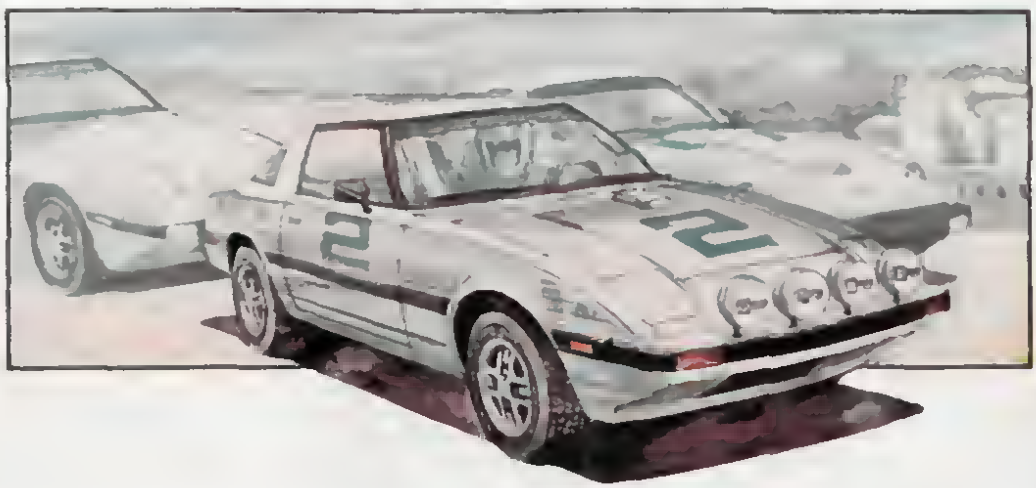
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there just aren't many authors who will peel off all their clothes and slather their bodies with Crisco, or whatever it is, and pose nude to prove a point. But Lyon did—five times!—for her book. It must be stressed that these are decorous figure studies, nothing untoward here. Photographer and co-author Hall simply positioned Lyon in front of a wall of ersatz white brick, switched on whatever light happened to be handy and clicked away. Richard Avedon won't feel threatened.

But even with lackluster photo quality, it's pretty hard to go wrong with Lyon: There she is limbering up, stretching, bench pressing; there's Lyon doing side flies and kickbacks with dumbbells—most of this while wearing tights, net stockings and that languid, heavy-eyed look. Though this book was supposedly written for women, what Lyon and Hall have come up with is everyman's guide to sensual female body building. The saving factor is that this isn't Lyon's fault any more than it was Marilyn Monroe's fault in *The Seven Year Itch*; the dog-gone costume department gave her this get-up and she just kept sort of spilling out of it. What can a girl do?

And to think that Lyon once suffered from an inferiority complex. "I was extremely insecure and shy around people," she writes. Not only that, but "I had a number of specific physical problems: A swayback, slight scoliosis. . . . I had a winged scapula in the back and a tendency toward round shoulders. My hips and my shoulders both turned in, which meant that when I stood with my feet parallel, my knees and hip bones pointed in instead of straight forward."

One hurts all over just reading about it. Turned-in hips, indeed. But body magic cured all that and more, Lyon asserts, just as it assuredly can cure you. What's more important, you can achieve, as Lyon has, an animal feel—she identifies throughout her book with the big, sleek jungle cats. "That we are smarter doesn't necessarily mean that we're any less animal," she says.

And the catlike look is also elusive: "People will probably never point you out as a bodybuilder," she says. "Your muscles will not advertise themselves. You are not going to have to worry about people stopping you on the street and saying, 'Listen, would you mind lifting up the back of this car while I change the tire.' You will be trim and taut and look great in a dress and heels. You will look better, more feminine, and not like a boy in drag."

Definitely not. And if there are still any unbelievers left, Lyon promises more—though you will not read any of that stuff in this mash note, not in this old-fashioned appreciation of you, Lisa Lyon. We know what you and Bantam are up to with this decidedly dumb book, and may it work well for you. May you make a million and slink about, animal-like, in expensive furs; may you buy the finest scented oils with which to coat your entire body for more of those shiny photos that linger, ever so slowly dissolving, in the mind. Go get 'em tiger.

Appreciatively, Bob **END**



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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

NEEDY—OR GREEDY?

Baseball's long-threatened players' strike was put off last week until at least June 5 and perhaps indefinitely after the National Labor Relations Board's general counsel, William Lubbers, issued an unfair-labor-practice complaint against the owners. The relief that everybody felt over the extension of the May 29 strike deadline tended to obscure the seriousness of Lubbers' charge. He accused the owners of failing to bargain in good faith by insisting that the payment of stiffer compensation for free agents was "essential to the economic survival of many major league clubs, while adamantly refusing to produce financial data to support that claim." In other words, the owners were trying to have it both ways in their negotiations—or, rather, nonnegotiations—with the players.

Instances of management's crying poor as the dispute over compensation headed toward the strike deadline were, as Lubbers implied, plentiful. There was Commissioner Bowie Kuhn insisting that the financial losses of various clubs already amounted to "many millions of dollars." There was Montreal Expo Chairman Charles Bronfman warning that the owners couldn't give in on compensation because "as an industry, baseball is not healthy." There was Baltimore Oriole owner Edward Bennett Williams calling the game's economic problems "dire." There was Minnesota Twins Chairman Calvin Griffith declaring, "Some teams are going to go broke—it's bound to happen." And there was San Francisco Giant owner Bob Lurie saying, "Just wait until one or two teams go under." Yet when Marvin Miller, executive director of the Players Association, demanded that the owners support these claims of impending financial ruin by submitting their books to inspection, a far different tune was heard. Indeed, Ray Grebey, the owners' chief negotiator, said, "The clubs' position in bargaining is not, and has not been, motivated by a lack of financial capacity."

Why were the owners so reluctant to open their books? Williams, for one, intimated that he *would* be glad to do so but was merely going along with the owners' united bargaining position. As for those owners who weren't prepared to let the union nose around in their ledgers, it's conceivable that they were resisting on principle and not because they had anything to hide. It may even be that some of their economic laments were justified. But by refusing to open their books while demanding greater restrictions on free agency, the owners fueled inevitable speculation that they weren't so hard up after all, that they could easily afford the money they'd lavished on free agents and that they were guilty of the very greed that they—and many of the fans—are only too quick to impute exclusively to the players.

ARTFUL DODGER

There's a new novel in the bookstores called *The Man Who Brought the Dodgers Back to Brooklyn* (Simon and Schuster, $12.95), and as the title suggests, the plot has to do with an effort to redress the never-to-be-forgiven injustice Walter O'Malley inflicted on Brooklynites when he moved his team to Los Angeles in 1958. To publicize the book, David Ritz, the 37-year-old Brooklyn-born author, will appear at a press conference this week in his native borough. A publicist cautions that Ritz will be available for interviews with the New York media only that day because he has to return home right away. It seems that Ritz left Brooklyn at age six when his family moved to New Jersey, has since lived in Italy, South Carolina, Texas and other far-flung places and has made his home for the past four years in—make of this what you will—Los Angeles.

HOT SPOT U.S.A.

Archbald, Pa. (pop. 6,334) is an improbable basketball hotbed. Though it isn't spelled Archibald, as in Nate, it *is* tiny. What's more, Archbald's sons and daughters have enjoyed extraordinary success in the national Hotshot program co-sponsored by Pepsi-Cola and the NBA, a five-year-old competition open to kids nine to 18, except for those playing on varsity basketball teams. Hotshot participants are given one minute to score points by shooting from any of five "hotspots" marked on one-half of a basketball court. They dribble from one hotspot to another, picking up points for baskets made based on the difficulty of shots chosen, but losing points for walking, double dribbling and palming. Practice can help a shooter develop a sense of the "hotspots" to choose to attain the highest possible point total.

Archbald's entrants in the Hotshot competition represent, in the initial stages of the eliminations, St. Thomas Aquinas Church, which began running local championships three years ago as part of its youth recreation program. Soon thereafter, an Archbald sixth-grader, Joe Reno, beat Mickey Schulke of Bothell, Wash. to win the national title for boys nine to 12, one of six Hotshot categories. The next year Joe lost to Schulke in the finals of the boys 13-15 category, but two other Archbald entrants won national titles, Michael Polito (boys nine-12) and John McGraw (boys 16-18). During this season's finals, which were held in Chicago and telecast during halftime of the fourth game of the NBA final series between the Celtics and Rockets, Reno met Schulke yet again, defeating him in the boys 13-15 finals, while John McGraw's sister, Diane, won the girls 13-15 title and Joe Reno's sister, Laurie, was runner-up among girls 16 to 18. All told,



continued

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Archbald kids have taken home five of the last 18 national titles and finished second in two others, a remarkable showing for one small town in a competition that attracts 2.5 million participants across the country.

As this success might suggest, competing in the Hotshot program has become the thing to do in Archbald. Youngsters practice endlessly on playgrounds and in driveways, sometimes shoveling away snow to do so. Inevitably, Joe Reno, Archbald's two-time national champ, is one of their heroes. His secret? "The D-3," he says. That's Hotshot parlance for a spot 15 feet from the basket and just left of the key, worth three points. "If I'm hitting from there, I'll just stay," Joe, now 14, says. Partly because of Joe's success from D-3, other Hotshot competitors across the country now concentrate on that spot, too. But nowhere is Joe's influence greater than at home in Archbald. As Eileen Reno, his mother, says, "I think one reason Archbald has done well in Hotshots is the town's smallness. The kids are close, they practice together and they give each other help. Joe started it off, but now it just seems to keep going."

A HONEY OF A DARLING

Pitcher Ron Darling, Yale's evocatively named All-America (SI, March 30), has informed school officials that he'll probably pass up his senior year of athletic eligibility to turn professional. Darling's junior year was good enough: a 9–4 record, with two saves, complete games in all 12 of his starts, 105 strikeouts in 105 innings and an ERA of 2.14—and a .321 batting average. One of Darling's four losses occurred in his last collegiate pitching appearance, an epic NCAA tournament game in which he held St. John's hitless for 11 innings but lost 1–0 in the 12th when the Redmen's Steve Scafa led off with a single and then stole second, third and, with two outs, home. Baseball's amateur draft will be held on June 8, and Darling is sure to be taken early. The Seattle Mariners, who have the first choice, say he's one of three players they're considering most seriously.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT AT INDY

Nothing that has happened since the Indy 500 diminishes the feeling that the United States Auto Club blundered in forcing Bobby Unser to forfeit his victory. By penalizing Unser one lap 17 hours after the race's completion, an action that resulted in victory being awarded to runner-up Mario Andretti, USAC cast a cloud over the race, tarnished Unser's reputation, left Andretti more than a little embarrassed and damaged its own credibility. There was no denying that Unser had illegally passed at least seven cars under the yellow caution light, but troubling questions remain. Was Unser the only guilty party, or just the most flagrant? Also, did the punishment fit the crime?

Race drivers pass under the yellow light all the time. They consider it cagey and, at times, even unavoidable. A driver passing under the yellow is like an offensive lineman using his hands, often it's simply instinct. Passing cars is what he's *supposed* to do. There were charges that Andretti himself had passed under the yellow, but that USAC had winked at the infraction because he didn't swallow seven or so cars in one swoop like Unser. Unfortunately, there are times when race officials do indeed ignore such violations—which is just asking for trouble. Both safety and fairness dictate that when track conditions call for a yellow light, the rule against passing must be strictly enforced.

Belatedly stripping Unser of his victory was unwarranted. The proper response to his offense would have been to penalize him immediately, had this been done, Unser would have been able to drive a different race during his final 51 laps and, with the fastest car in the field, conceivably could have defeated Andretti anyway. What USAC officials were doing, in effect, was penalizing Unser for their own incompetence. Astonishingly, they admitted they hadn't seen Unser pass the cars and said they wanted to examine television footage before they ruled; they watched videotapes Sunday night, and based their decision on that. A woman fan complained on an Indianapolis radio talk show Monday morning, "*I* saw it from the grandstands, and if you can sit in the stands and see it, why for heaven's sake can't officials see?"

It shouldn't be overlooked that Roger Penske, the owner of Unser's car, was a prime mover two years ago in the formation of CART (Championship Auto Racing Teams), the organization of leading drivers and owners that broke away from USAC and now sanctions virtually every Indy-style event except the 500. Although Pat Patrick, the owner of Andretti's car, is also one of CART's founding fathers, the men who run USAC are known to hold Penske most to blame for the CART revolt. But if they derive any satisfaction from having deprived Penske's driver of victory at Indy, that pleasure could be short-lived. Last week Penske filed an appeal with USAC seeking a reversal of the decision against his car, and neither he nor Unser would rule out the possibility of a lawsuit if the appeal is rejected. And at least one driver, three-time Indy 500 winner Johnny Rutherford, seized on the controversy as evidence that control of the Indianapolis race should be taken away from USAC and turned over to CART.

AU REVOIR, JEAN

Boston Bruin Center Jean Ratelle was one of hockey's premier performers, an effortless skater and exact shooter who inspired adjectives—"elegant," "classy," "balletic"—not always associated with his sport. When he retired last week at the age of 40 to become a Bruins assistant coach, Ratelle brought an end to a 20-year career during which he amassed 491 goals and 776 assists. But Ratelle's most remarkable stats were these: In 1,281 NHL games, he accumulated just 276 penalty minutes, the equivalent of roughly seven two-minute minors per *season*. By contrast, Steve Durbano, whose career ended in 1979, had 1,411 penalty minutes in 265 games in the NHL and in the World Hockey Association, almost the exact reverse of Ratelle's figures. Nobody ever suggested that the kind of hockey played by Durbano, a deficient skater who scored 19 goals in seven seasons and spent most of this time brawling, was as much fun to watch as the kind played by Ratelle.

THEY SAID IT

- Butch Alder, Purdue football player, when asked how his conversion in spring practice from linebacker to center was going: "It's a snap."
- Larry Bird, addressing his Boston Celtic teammates at a dinner celebrating their NBA championship: "I could stand up here all night talking about the whole team. But I'm getting sick and tired of talking about myself."
- Horatio Luro, 80-year-old horse trainer, on the secret of his longevity: "Swim, dance a little, go to Paris every August and live within walking distance of two hospitals." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
JUNE 8, 1981



CATCH CHICAGO'S NEW ACT

There's a hit show on the South Side, with newcomers Carlton Fisk and Greg Luzinski socko in the starring roles

by STEVE WULF

The standings Sunday morning said that the Chicago White Sox had arrived in first place in the American League's Western Division, percentage points ahead of the Oakland Aprils. Their stay was only momentary—they were out of first again by Sunday night—but no matter. What the standings don't reveal is that there's a comic opera being staged in Comiskey Park this spring, with a cast of characters that includes two owners reliving their adolescence, a rock 'n' roll manager, a 24-year-old farm director, an organist with a degree in psychology, an Ivy Leaguer, a pitcher who's a Cub fan, another who thinks he's Judge Roy Bean and a third who's Mexican and doesn't throw a screwball but is one. That's not all. The three leading men are Carlton Fisk, Greg Luzinski and Ron LeFlore.

The White Sox also got off to a running start in 1980. In fact, they led the division at the end of April. But that was strictly an illusion conjured up by that latter-day Merlin, Bill Veeck, who owned the team then. This season the general impression on the South Side is that the Sox are for real. "Last year we had more ways to lose than we had to win," says Manager Tony LaRussa. "This year it's just the reverse."

Those new ways were apparent the last few weeks when the Sox made up 6½ games on the A's by winning five straight series against the Angels (twice), A's, Blue

continued

A White Sox after a decade as a Red Sox, Fisk may be as important for his work behind the plate as at it

Jays and Rangers. Luzinski, who had only seven RBIs batting cleanup in his first 28 games, had hit six home runs and driven in 16 runs since. Last Saturday, in a game rather typical of the way things have been going for the White Sox, Luzinski hit a two-run homer, Fisk drove in another two runs and Richard Dotson pitched a three-hitter. On Sunday, Fisk gave the White Sox a split in a doubleheader by driving in the winning run in the 10th inning.

If and when LeFlore, who had a mere 97 stolen bases for Montreal last year, starts hitting and stealing, the White Sox offense will be complete, although any offense that had outscored its opponents 94–42 in its last 14 games through Sunday would seem to be pretty complete. The defense has already been helped up the middle by two of the club's quieter acquisitions, Second Baseman Tony Bernazard and Shortstop Bill Almon, both of whom were with the Expos this time last year. Dotson, once the token righty on the White Sox staff, has emerged as the pitcher most likely to succeed, and recently lefties Britt Burns, Ross Baumgarten and Steve (Rainbow) Trout have all pitched impressively. Perhaps the best news of all is that Reliever Ed Farmer, who was rocked badly in April, says he feels like Eliot Ness again. "You know—untouchable," he says.

While all this stuff is going on down on the field, Chairman of the Board Jerry Reinsdorf and President Eddie Einhorn are upstairs in their private boxes, screaming like kids and superstitiously playing musical chairs to find the right combination to ensure victory. Reinsdorf and Einhorn bought the White Sox from a tapped-out Veeck in January, after the American League owners decided they didn't want another prospective buyer, Edward DeBartolo, to join their ranks.

Einhorn and Reinsdorf are New York guys, New York guys being guys from Paterson, N.J. (Einhorn) and Brooklyn (Reinsdorf). They met while attending Northwestern Law School, although neither made law a career. Einhorn went on to form the TVS television network, which made him a millionaire, and to produce the CBS *Sports Spectacular*, which gave us fat men with refrigerators on their backs. Reinsdorf made his fortune in real estate. He tried to buy into the Mets last year, but his group lost out to Nelson Doubleday's. What he really wanted to do, he says, "was buy the Dodgers from Peter O'Malley and move them back to Brooklyn."

"Before we bought the team," says Einhorn, "I didn't really know what one Chicago White Sox player looked like." The new proprietors weren't immediately embraced by Chicago, even when they pledged to infuse money into the White Sox. "Of course, everybody said, 'Ho-hum, another five-year plan,'" says Reinsdorf. But then, on March 10, the White Sox signed Fisk to a five-year, $2.9 million contract, and Chicagoans started taking the new guys seriously. Fisk, some may recall, used to play for Boston. But because the Red Sox failed to follow proper procedures in tendering him a contract, he was declared a free agent. "Money being equal, we had to sell Carlton on the city, on the challenge, on the media market," says Einhorn. "Hell, it was like stealing Acapulco cliff-diving from ABC."

Einhorn, whose bio says he sold hot dogs at Comiskey Park in the Sox' last pennant-winning year of 1959, has brought in an army of marketing, public-relations and promotion people. His vice-president for special projects is Laureen Ong Fadil, one of the few women executives in baseball. His VP for marketing is Russ Potts, formerly a promotional whiz at Southern Methodist, where he was the athletic director. Potts' love of the game, however, didn't stop him from dropping the SMU baseball program.

A uniform contest (see *box, page 24*) was the first major project for the promotions people. A second undertaking was the selection of a new White Sox mascot. Make that mascots. The same company that created the Phillie Phanatic and Montreal's Youppi presented Einhorn and Fadil with two different Muppet-like creatures, and they liked them so much that.... "It's the Saks Fifth Avenue Theory," says Einhorn. "If you can't make up your mind, buy them both." To fill one of the costumes, the White Sox tried to pirate the backup to the Pittsburgh Parrot, but the deal fell through at the last minute. It's true.

Reinsdorf concerns himself with the day-to-day operation of the club and plans to computerize the ticket sales and bookkeeping, which had been operated like something out of Dickens. He has already given Comiskey a face-lift. A new drainage system was installed in the outfield, so that the turf, once the most feared in the majors, is now passable. To give the exploding scoreboard more chances to explode—it goes off to celebrate Sox home runs—the centerfield fence was moved in from 445 feet to 402 feet. To date, opponents have hit four homers over the new wall, the White Sox have hit zero. Seats have been painted, leaks repaired and washrooms cleaned. "Washrooms are my big thing," says Reinsdorf. "I wondered why the ones in Disneyland are always so clean, and I found out it was because they are constantly being cleaned. That's what I decided to do here. A lady came up to me the other day and said the one thing I've been longing to hear: 'Thank you for cleaning the bathrooms.'" A new scoreboard is also planned.



Temperamental LeFlore has been a model citizen in Chicago.

What's in it for Einhorn and Reinsdorf? Well, attendance is better than last year's despite bad weather. The crowd of 52,493 at Sunday's doubleheader was the largest at Comiskey Park since 1973. But that's not it. No, what the new owners have in mind is the pay-TV market. "Why should the guy who pays money for a ticket subsidize the guy who sits home and watches the game for free?" asks Reinsdorf. "What's nice is that when it comes time to negotiate a TV contract, the best middleman in the business will be on our side."

The new owners also inherited many of the Sox' natural resources, not the least of which is the franchise's hardcore fans, a rowdy but good-time breed. Their spiritual leaders are Harry Caray, the Wilkins Micawber of announcers, and Nancy Faust, generally acknowledged to be the best organist in baseball. Now in her 12th season in Section 25, Faust uses her degree in psychology and her ear for junk music to keep the crowd alive. She joins forces with Caray during the seventh-inning stretch, and together they can get more audience participation out of *Take Me Out to the Ball Game* than Francis Scott Key ever got out of his song. "It's the best shtick in baseball," says Einhorn.

They also inherited a fairly sound ball club. General Manager Roland Hemond and Veeck swung some canny deals before the team was sold. "Bill knew he was leaving," says Hemond, "but he kept trying to improve the club. He's a big part of whatever success we enjoy." Veeck himself has kept a discreet distance from the White Sox this season, choosing instead to behave like a gallant ex-lover. When asked recently about the White Sox, he begged off by saying, "I'm very happy they're doing well, but it would be presumptuous of me to discuss the club." When Veeck goes to the ball park these days, he heads for Wrigley Field to see the Cubs.

Just after last season, the White Sox acquired free-agents LeFlore and Jim Essian, who was to be the catcher before Fisk arrived. Hemond's real steal came at the winter meetings when he traded Pitcher Rich Wortham, now in the minors, for Bernazard. The deal allowed Chicago to move Jim Morrison to third base. Bernazard was batting .282 through Sunday and making plays not even Hemond could have predicted. "I just needed the chance," says Bernazard.

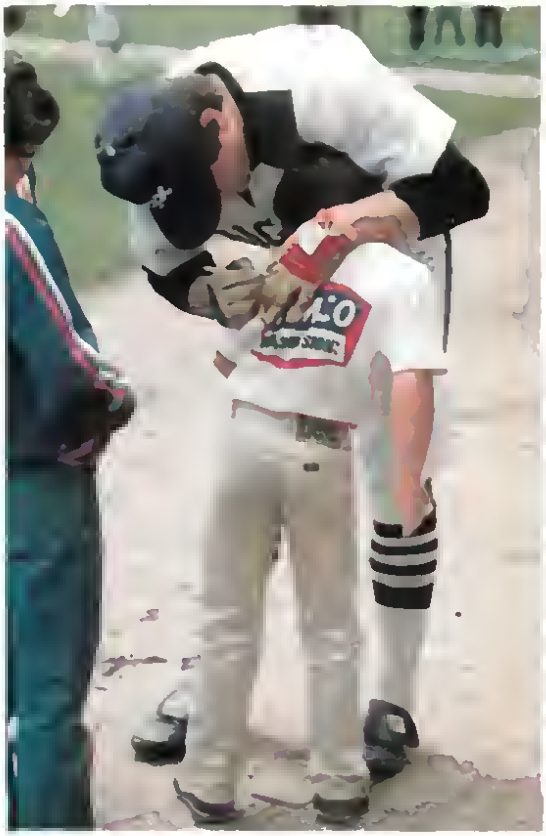
In January, Hemond, whose protégé is 24-year-old farm director Dave Dombrowski, offered a minor league contract to Almon, who had been released by the Mets. "As you know, Rhode Island is a small state," says Almon, who went to Brown. "Roland and I are both from Rhode Island. That's really how we got together." Almon got a lot of playing time in spring training, won the job at short and at week's end was batting .333 with 20 RBIs, five more than he had in 1979 and 1980 combined. It also helped that he and Bernazard played together—or, rather, sat together—with the Expos. Says Almon, "When we took infield in Montreal, I often thought Tony and I would make a good double-play combination. God works in mysterious ways." The White Sox have an edge there, too. Coach Dave Nelson's brother is a Trappist monk.

Still, Chicago's most significant acquisition has been Fisk, who has quickly become the hero of the fans. They now hang banners like PITCH TO FISK AT YOUR OWN RISK from the leftfield stands. "I hope to give them something more to cheer about," Fisk says in true heroic fashion. He also says he's getting more comfortable with the young Sox staff, and his talent for handling pitchers may, in the long run, be of greater value than his RBIs. The starting fivesome of Dotson, Burns, Baumgarten, Trout and Francisco Barrios is the envy of many clubs. Trout and Barrios recently had a scuffle, but then boys will be boys, especially these boys. Luzinski now calls Barrios the staff "stopper." He stopped a right and he stopped a left. Barrios, a native of Hermosillo, Mexico, has just come back from a place from which few pitchers return: rotator cuff surgery. And while Farmer was struggling, righthander Lamarr Hoyt emerged as a strong reliever.

When the season began LeFlore and Luzinski were question marks. LeFlore, who had his problems in Montreal—something about not showing up at the ball park on time—has been a model citizen as far as the White Sox are concerned. "He's been an absolute pleasure," says LaRussa. "I know what he can do on the field," says Bernazard, "and I'm glad to have him." Last week LeFlore, not often lauded for his fielding, saved a 4–1 win over Oakland by leaping and reaching above the leftfield fence to rob Rickey Henderson of a homer.

If Luzinski can retain the stroke that in 1977 yielded a .309 average, 39 hom-

continued



Fisk stoops low to please fan while informal owners Einhorn and Reinsdorf bask in Sox' glow



ers and 130 RBIs, then there will be dancing on West 35th Street. He has hit some tremendous shots in Comiskey Park, but is also prone to what used to be called "swat swoons." The White Sox always have Lamar Johnson, who was batting just .350 at week's end, and Wayne Nordhagen for righthanded power. And they're getting a boost from Centerfielder Chet Lemon (.288) and First Baseman Mike Squires (.303), who has one of the best gloves going.

All of the newcomers are happy to be in Chicago. The Sox have always enjoyed a reputation for treating their players well, and Almon noticed it right away. "They didn't promise me anything except a chance, but when it came time, they let me prove myself," he says. "I like dealing with people who are honest. I also like having a manager who's a lawyer. Tony is always thinking ahead, as if he were in a courtroom, and he always has a reason for what he does."

LaRussa isn't the first lawyer-manager, but he's in good company: two others—Monte Ward and Hughie Jennings—made the Hall of Fame. LaRussa, 36, held the distinction of being the youngest manager in the majors until May 7, when his old roomie in the minors, Rene Lachemann, took over the Mariners. But he may be the only manager who listens to the rock group Styx. In fact, several weeks ago LaRussa was thrilled to find out that Dennis DeYoung, the keyboard player for Styx, was a White Sox fan. When DeYoung came into LaRussa's office to exchange his Styx jacket for a White Sox jacket, it was hard to tell who was more pleased.

LaRussa's training as a lawyer hasn't helped him in arguing cases before the White Sox' kangaroo court, which is presided over by Farmer, who fashions him-

CHI IS GETTING TOO, TOO CHIC

Greg Luzinski will look positively stunning in his new claret-and-navy ensemble, tailored to highlight the Bull's pecs and 'ceps. Those are just his roadies. Around the yard, Greg will feel right at home in a classic white-and-blue combo that harks back to the days of Shoeless Joe.

Say it ain't so? Then picture Carlton Fisk in swashbuckling lavender-and-gold stripes against an eggshell backdrop, with those knickers that Lady Di would adore. It's you, Pudge. Or, how about Ron LeFlore running the bases in the very together colors of yellow, red and sky, with ChicaGo (clever, *n'est-ce pas*?) passionately emblazoned on his torso and his lucky 7 nestled within his own personal star on his chest? Won't Tony Bernazard be the envy of all the other second basemen when he turns the pivot in a dramatic tunic patriotically ribboned down the north side in the hues of Old Glory? Mind you, none of these fabulous creations is off the rack, and all come fully accessorized with matching caps, shoes and hose that go perfectly with butter-soft leather gloves.

The preceding fashion show was brought to you by the Chicago White Sox, who recently invited both fans and professional designers to submit their creations in a contest to change the team's uniform. Some 1,600 designs poured in from Panama and Peoria, Joliet and Japan. "Sixteen hundred entries, huh?" mused ace Reliever Ed Farmer. "That means there were 1,600 improvements on what we have now."

What the White Sox have now are those navy-and-white jammies, with the old-fashioned lettering and wing collars. Actually, the players feel the current uniforms are very comfortable. But the Sox have also heard the other boys laughing and nagging mothers in the stands telling them to tuck in their shirts. So, in hope of curtailing such jibes, the new



Among the finalists were these striking ensembles, ideal for fashioning no-hitters, dressing down the opposition or just plain swinging into the wee smalls

self after Judge Roy Bean. The manager was fined $20 recently for walking through the clubhouse in a jacket advertising a local rock station. Farmer keeps inventing all sorts of misdemeanors. After one recent game, Harold Baines was fined $2 for clapping his hands following a successful steal of second. "Showing emotion" was Farmer's ruling.

Farmer is one of the four Chicago-area natives on the Sox. He grew up two miles from Comiskey and went to nearby St. Rita High: as a kid he idolized Luis Aparicio and Early Wynn. Baumgarten was reared on the North Shore, in affluent Glencoe, and worshiped the Cubs and Ken Holtzman. "We used to sit in the schoolyard for hours, arguing Cubs versus White Sox," says Baumgarten, who still has a soft spot for the Cubbies. Luzinski also hails from Chicago, although he didn't go to many White Sox games. In fact, the last time he was in Comiskey Park before the Phillies sold him to the Sox in March was in 1968, when he had to catch Tom Phoebus as part of his tryout as a catcher with the Orioles.

And then there's Kevin Hickey. Hickey grew up just a few blocks from the stadium, and he became a star outfielder in Chicago's own game, 16-inch softball, which is played with a huge ball and without gloves. But Hickey was switched to the night shift at the steel factory where he worked, giving him time only for semi-pro baseball on weekends. His friends talked him into one of those public-relations tryouts that teams hold, and he impressed the White Sox. Four years later he is the lefthanded reliever on the team. "A nice story," says Farmer, pointing to Hickey. "There are a lot of nice stories on this team."

But the nicest story about these White Sox has yet to be written. **END**

Chicago owners, Eddie Einhorn and Jerry Reinsdorf, sponsored the contest. The rules were fairly simple: All designs had to include jerseys and trousers, both home and away. Any colors could be used, but the home jerseys had to have white as a background. The team logo, a silly-looking silhouette of a batter with a horrendous hitch in his swing, couldn't be altered. Amateurs were asked to put their designs on forms provided by the club, while professional designers were free to submit their ideas in any form.

There were a number of gag entries, which were unfortunately eliminated. They included a tuxedo outfit, a punk-rock mix-and-match complete with safety pins, a caveman ensemble and a tourist uniform for the road: Hawaiian shirt, Bermuda shorts and a camera to hang from the neck. One design called for a Clark Kent warmup suit, a phone-booth dugout and, Great Caesar's Ghost, a's. . .

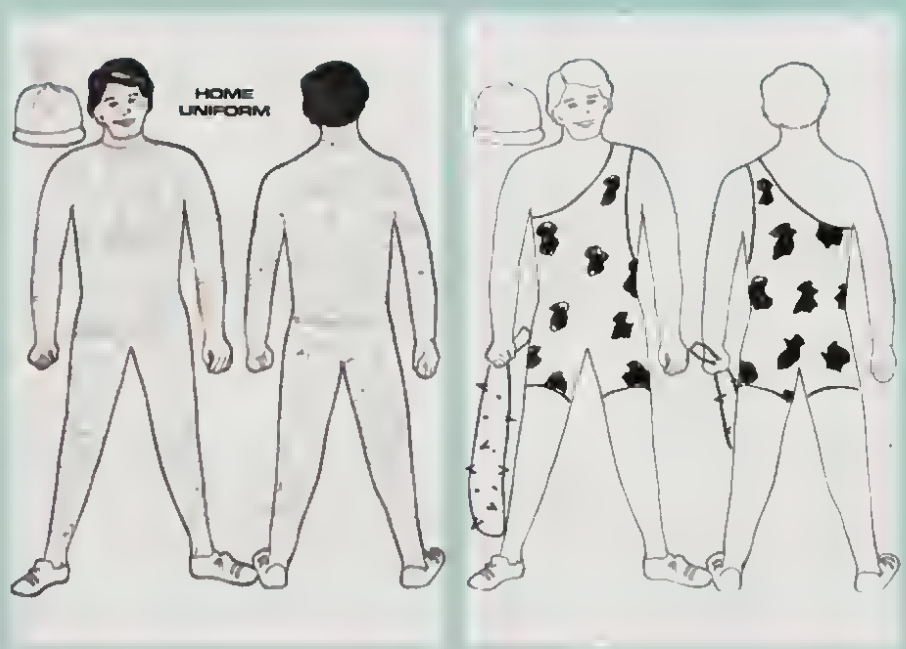
The preliminary judging was held three weeks ago at Comiskey Park. In the oak-paneled Bards' Room, 11 of the nation's fashion arbiters narrowed the 1,600 designs down to six, three by amateurs and three by pros. Actual uniforms will be made from those six designs, and Sox fans will vote on their favorites during games played the week of June 26-July 2. The winning uniform will be revealed on Monday night, Aug. 31. On Monday night, Aug. 31, this reporter plans to be as far away from Chicago as is humanly possible.

You see, yours truly was one of the judges. The panel included the fashion editors of Chicago's two major dailies, several TV personalities, Reinsdorf's wife, Martyl, two journalists, one uniform manufacturer's rep and First Baseman Lamar Johnson and his wife, Valory. The jury deliberated for about four hours.

The Sox' director of special projects, Laureen Ong Fadil, ran a very tight ship, and the judging went smoothly. While some of the amateur creations were surprisingly good, the professional entries, on the whole, were disappointing. One pro, though, was nice enough to send in an actual uniform. It was a gold-on-orange Dr. Denton number made out of a material that looked like the stuff you put down on the floor before you lay carpet. By and large, most of the designers tried too hard. A simple outfit in compatible colors would have done very nicely. For some reason, a lot of people kept putting the Chicago skyline on their uniforms. As for the designer who put the names Einhorn and Reinsdorf on the backs of his creations, it didn't do him one bit of good.

The makeup of the panel also didn't seem quite fair to the players—too much Earl Blackwell and not enough Ewell Blackwell, if you know what I mean. At one point, Lamar Johnson looked at what one of the fashion editors was jotting down as her first choice and nearly swooned. "All I know is that 24 guys are going to say it's all my fault," said Johnson, who, sure enough, was fined $10 the next day by Farmer and the White Sox kangaroo court. And they haven't even seen the uniforms yet.

—STEVE WULF



The style on the left has the joy of Sox all over it, the one on the right just came from the batting cave

THE HEELS GET THEIR FEET IN THE DOOR

For years lacrosse has been ruled by an exclusive club, then North Carolina upset mighty Johns Hopkins to swell the membership **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

North Carolina lacrosse Coach Willie Scroggs called for the locker room door to be closed moments before his team was to take the field last Saturday in Princeton, N.J. for the NCAA championship game against Johns Hopkins—fabled Johns Hopkins, No. 1-ranked Johns Hopkins, undefeated Johns Hopkins, three-in-a-row national champs Johns Hopkins. With steely eyes, Scroggs told his players, "Look, it isn't a fluke we got here. And we're not going to worry about who they are. All we want to do is concern ourselves with who we are. O.K., boys, let's saddle up and get 'em."

They did.

The result was a stunning 14–13 upset of Hopkins—against whom excellence in college lacrosse generally has been measured since 1891. It was also a signal that the clubby world of lacrosse, where over the past couple of decades Hopkins, Maryland, Navy and Cornell have been the elite, now must welcome a new member to its upper stratum.

Before a sun-drenched crowd of 22,100, a record for this event, the two schools put on a magnificent contest that led Scroggs to say, "This game proves you don't need to understand lacrosse to enjoy it." But for those who did understand, the spectacle was unmatched. Much of the stickhandling was peerless; the effort was total; the incredible play of Hopkins Attackman Jeff Cook, who scored six goals, demonstrated he is the best lacrosse player in the country; and the goaltending of North Carolina's gambling and rambling Tom Sears was superb.

That the Tar Heels, 11–0 going into the title game, have emerged as a lacrosse power is no surprise. Scroggs played at Hopkins in the '60s and later was an assistant coach there. Two of his assistants also played there. And all of them recruit in the Blue Jays' favorite areas—Baltimore and Long Island—luring prospects to Chapel Hill with tales of great weather and fun times, most of which are true. Losing Coach Henry Ciccarone said of Scroggs, "I guess it took a Hopkins guy to come back and beat us."

Although Hall groused that he hadn't played enough, he was there when the Tar Heels really needed him, scoring the go-ahead goal in the final quarter



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE TIEDEMANN



A hand shows a hole that mayhap was a goal

But it also took some mighty good luck—which brings us to Michael Burnett, the Tar Heel sophomore attackman. Before the big game, he sat in a motel room searching for the right word to describe himself during his growing-up years. He mumbled and shook his head until his inquisitor suggested: rotten.

"Yeah," said Burnett, "rotten. That's perfect. That was me. Rotten." He was raised in Arnold, Md., in a house hard by a cove of the Severn River. "I looked around as a kid and saw everybody was playing lacrosse," he recalled. Of course, he also looked around and saw everybody was going to school, but that was not so appealing. During his high school years, Burnett preferred swinging on a rope over the river and going to rowdy beach parties. Worse, one of his buddies drove a boat to school, and at the merest hint of a nice day the two would cut class at their now-defunct private school, Wroxeter-on-Severn. It was just the boys, the water and a case of Olympia. The headmaster was not amused and gave Burnett the option of transferring or being expelled. Burnett transferred, to St. Mary's in Annapolis. Burnett was a fine lacrosse player at both schools, but when it came time for colleges to consider him, "My grades scared most everybody off."

Scroggs knew about Burnett—Scroggs knows about *everybody*—and decided to give him a chance. Predictably, when Burnett wandered into Chapel Hill in 1979, he got involved in listening to a friend's stereo, playing darts, missing classes and hanging around fraternity houses "because that's where the free beer is." He had grade trouble by May of last year. But summer school brightened him up sufficiently to enable him to play lacrosse in 1981, and suddenly Burnett became a team leader. He credits the steadying influence of a new girl friend, Tiffany Terranova. O.K., so he still flunked French this year. "The difference is he cares that he flunked," says Scroggs. "That's progress. Look, I'm not into saving souls. But if a player wants to try and do what I say, I'm willing to give him a chance." So Burnett led the Tar Heels in goals with 26 and assists with 31 to the utter amazement of everybody. Without Burnett—the new Burnett—North Carolina almost certainly wouldn't be the NCAA champion. "I could have done better before and I should have done better, but I didn't," says Burnett.

When play began last Saturday, it quickly became obvious that the Tar Heels were going to have to do a lot better as they fell behind 2–0 in the first seven minutes. They passed shakily, played defense poorly and seemed, just as the smart money had predicted, thoroughly intimidated by Hopkins. Twice in the first half North Carolina trailed by three. If Burnett hadn't gunned home two second-quarter goals, a Hopkins rout might have been on. At the half, the Tar Heels were behind only 8–7, but this was the first time all year that they had trailed at the intermission.

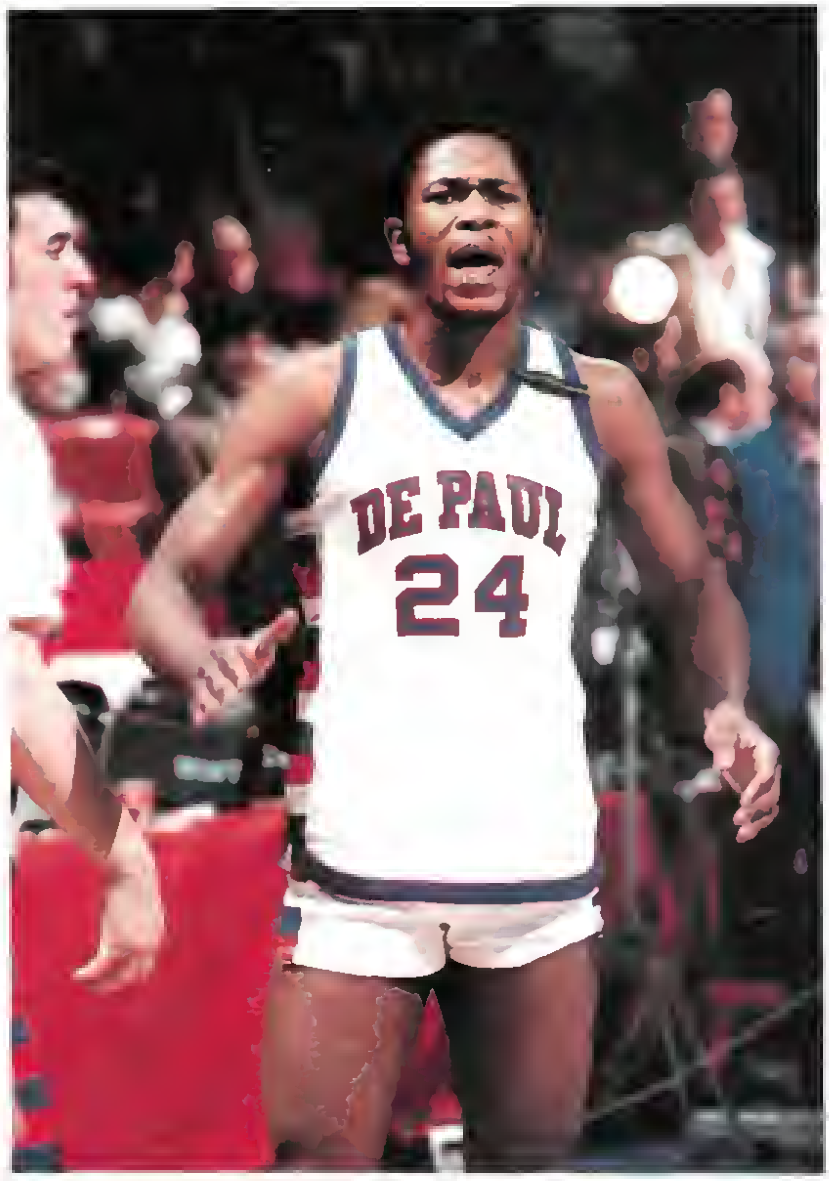
Still, the typically calm Scroggs—"I like the idea that if I'm in a room, you may not even know I'm there"—insisted to his outplayed troops that "we're just a step away from causing them a bunch of problems. Look their goalie in the eye and shoot the ball at his knees. O.K., boys, let's saddle up and go get 'em."

The Tar Heels fell behind again by three goals, and near the end of the third quarter, Hopkins was cruising at 11–8. But North Carolina continued to hang on, switching almost exclusively to a zone defense. This seemed to slow and, at times, confuse Hopkins, while the Tar Heels waited for their own offense to get going. With time running out in the third period, they clicked off the first of six unanswered goals. Only 18 seconds into the final quarter, Burnett hit a beauty of a backhander that really ignited North Carolina. The score was 11–10. "I just flung it in low," said Burnett. "It was nice. All goals just count one, but somehow I feel a shot like that ought to count two." Peter Voelkel then scored at 6:39 to tie the game.

With 5:25 to play, the Tar Heels' Monty Hill made a diving sideline save of a wayward pass and got the ball back in to Jamie Allen, who whipped it to Doug Hall, who, in turn, swept it into the net. North Carolina had its first lead of the day. Hall, a midfielder who plays about 20 minutes less a game this year than last, had been grousing all season about lack of playing time, but Scroggs had replied, "I'm playing you just enough. If I played you more, you'd make too many mistakes." With the door now cracked, Burnett came knocking 40 seconds later with another backhand goal, shot blindly and under harassment. That made the score 13–11, and for Hopkins, school was out.

Predictably, the losers griped about the officiating, and with some cause. Most controversial was a Hopkins shot midway in the last quarter that was ruled no goal because it had—said the referee—glanced off a post. The Blue Jays argued it was a score, pointing to a large hole in the net as proof. After the game, Sears conceded that "it sounded to me like it went through the net." Also, at the end of both the first and third periods, Hopkins got apparent goals—one by all-everywhere Cook—but both times officials ruled the ball had crossed the goal line after time had expired.

For the eight Hopkins seniors, whose four-year record was 53 wins, three losses and those three national championships, it was bitter defeat. Indeed, on the eve of the game, Blue Jay Midfielder Brendan Schneck, 1980's Player of the Year, had said, "The real crime would be to have a team like we do and not win." North Carolina's Sears thought, however, that the victory could be explained quite simply. "It was a lot bigger thrill for us to be here than it was for them," he said. **END**



A REPUTE IN DISPUTE

Emotional outbursts, suspect intensity and questionable size make supertalented Mark Aguirre a risky pick in the upcoming NBA draft **by BRUCE NEWMAN**

Mark Aguirre leaned forward in his seat at The Seminary and bowed his head for a moment, as if to pray. Behind him the afternoon sun irradiated a stained-glass window. Except for the clatter of a passing El train, The Seminary was silent when Aguirre began to speak. "I don't know how all this got started," he said. "The things people are saying, that I have an attitude problem, that I'm a bad actor—who starts those rumors?"

If Aguirre, a forward from DePaul who is considered the most talented player available in next Tuesday's NBA draft, was feeling like the victim of character assassination last week, he was at least in the right neighborhood for it. The Seminary, for years a favored restaurant among DePaul players, is situated across the street from the old Biograph Theater. It was outside the Biograph that on July 27, 1934 the notorious Lady in Red betrayed the nefarious John Dillinger, sending him to an untimely reward in a hail of G-men's bullets. Aguirre, on the other hand, has been watching his reputation suffer a series of small deaths. He knows that pro scouts and general managers are puzzling over whether he is a jump-shooting angel or some kind of basketball gangster. And their decision could mean a difference of as much as a million dollars to him.

Since Aguirre burst upon the college scene as a DePaul freshman in 1978-79, he has been one of the most carefully watched, intensely feared and routinely gossiped-about players in the sport. That season he scored 24.0 points a game and led DePaul from oblivion to the NCAA's final four. As a sophomore he became college basketball's Player of the Year, averaging 26.8 ppg. DePaul was ranked No. 1 for much of that season, but Aguirre caused a furor by admitting that he found it difficult to get up for games against lesser teams. Then the Blue Demons took their top ranking into the NCAA tournament and folded in the first round.

Because DePaul failed to win the championship, there was speculation that Aguirre would turn pro on the strength of his season. But even then there were doubts about him in the NBA. "The way I heard it, I was 'questionable,' " Aguirre says. "I decided I couldn't go out on an if-and-maybe situation."

Instead, Aguirre played on the 1980 U.S. Olympic team and returned to DePaul for his junior—and last—season. That was a decision calculated in dollars and cents. Pro scouts had rated him only as one of the top 20 college prospects after his sophomore year, and with another season of collegiate experience he moved to the head of the list. But again a highly touted Blue Demon team lost in the first round of the tournament and rumors about Aguirre's bad attitude persisted. "NBA teams realize that along with a talent evaluation there must be a psychological one," says one scout. "Aguirre's bad-actor reputation has teams thinking he could be a real detriment. The biggest misconception about the NBA draft is that a player's talent or size alone determines his worth."

And now there's also a question about Aguirre's size. Last season he was listed at 6′ 7″, but NBA scouts insist that he's barely 6′ 5″. That information has teams reevaluating his future role. Can he play small forward or should he be a shooting guard?

Dallas has the first pick in the draft and now seems likely to use it for Indiana Guard Isiah Thomas, rather than Aguirre. "To be honest with you," says Allen Stone, the Mavs' director of public relations, "we're a little afraid of what we've heard about Aguirre's attitude problems."

If Aguirre is still available after three players have been taken, the Chicago Bulls would then be confronted with the unpleasant possibility of passing on a star who grew up on that city's playgrounds. "He's not a bad guy," says Bulls General Manager Rod Thorn. "he's just very emotional on the court. When things are going wrong for him, everyone in the arena knows it. Half the reporters in Chicago are anti-Aguirre, and the other half are pro. It's the same with the fans. Our general feeling is that it's not *necessary* for us to take him, even though he's the best offensive player in the draft."

DePaul Coach Ray Meyer has told some NBA people that Aguirre is difficult to work with, has prima donna tendencies, is self-indulgent and likes to be pampered. Last week he also said Aguirre's great talent has been the source of Aguirre's problems. "Mark could always turn it on and off whenever he wanted to," Meyer said. "That's what gave him the attitude problem. He's not going to be able to score whenever he wants to in the pros, but they can't stop him, either. His first year he'll rise to the occasion because he wants to show the world he's great. That's Mark. He has a tremendous ego. But what is he going to do after that first year when there's no challenge anymore?"

Joey Meyer, Ray's son and assistant, who has suggested to some pro scouts that his father may have contributed to Aguirre's attitude problems by not disciplining Aguirre early on, believes Aguirre will flourish in the pros. Most of the NBA people he talked to were worried that Aguirre would become the next Bob McAdoo, a talented but enigmatic head case. "They want to know," Joey says, "if he can't get ready for 27 games, how can he get ready for 82?"

There has been talk that Aguirre might be passed over until the eighth or ninth pick, and although that now seems unlikely, Aguirre is prepared for whatever comes. "My whole life I've never been a problem person," he says, drawing himself up to his full height, such as it is. "But if that's the rap on me, and if I have to pay for it now, then I'll pay for it now.

"If I'm chosen as late as eighth in the draft, it will hurt me moneywise on my first contract. But if I turn out to be the player I'm supposed to be, there are going to be a lot of general managers in trouble. And then it's going to hurt somebody else moneywise. Permanently."

Thomas led Indiana to the top of college basketball and now is likely to be picked No. 1 in the draft



What follows is an evaluation by Dallas Maverick Scout Richie O'Connor of other top prospects in next week's draft.

ISIAH THOMAS (G, 6′ 1″, 180 pounds, Indiana) There's an old NBA axiom that if good centers are hard to find, then good point guards are even harder. Thomas is more than a good point guard, he's a great one. He's one of those gifted playmakers who can dominate the entire flow of a game, a rarity for a small man in the NBA. He's the first guard since Kansas City's Phil Ford who seems capable of creating his team's tempo, distributing the ball on the break, reading defenses and realizing who's hot and making sure that player gets the ball. Moreover, Thomas is a much better shooter than Ford; in fact, he's a better shooter than any point guard currently in the league.

BUCK WILLIAMS (F, 6′ 8″, 230, Maryland) Buck is your basic 10-10-10 man, meaning that over the next 10 years he'll average at least 10 points and 10 rebounds a game. Potentially, *continued*

he's another Paul Silas, though he has much more natural ability. As a power forward, he's a relentless rebounder. His offensive game seemed limited in college, but that's attributable to Coach Lefty Driesell's helter-skelter offense; so many times last season Williams had great position inside and the Maryland players couldn't or wouldn't get him the ball. Yet he never sulked, which is why the pros love him. Like Silas, he has a great attitude. All he wants to do is win.

ROLANDO BLACKMAN (G, 6′ 6″, 190, Kansas State) A perplexing player. One game he's absolutely terrific, a real Otis Birdsong type, the next game he shows very little. He does possess the size and strength and shot to be an effective scoring guard. He doesn't penetrate much, and he often overdribbles.

STEVE JOHNSON (C, 6′ 10½″, 225, Oregon State) An iffy prospect. In the lane he has an excellent variety of offensive moves—hooks, turnarounds, up-and-unders. He runs well, but he lacks aggressiveness and his rebounding is atrocious; the only rebounds he gets are those that fall into his hands. His transitional game from defense to offense is good, but his transition the other way is weak. He's consistently in foul trouble, largely because of stupid fouls. Just once you'd love to see him commit a foul of authority, like smashing a guy as he drives the lane. The worry is he *continued*

THESE AGENTS ARE HARDLY FREE

Mark Aguirre, Isiah Thomas, *et al* won't be the only basketball players hoping to sign lucrative contracts in the weeks ahead. The day after the Boston Celtics won the the NBA championship, the second season gave way to what is quickly becoming open season for the league's 44 free agents.

Compensation, heretofore the bar to NBA players' moving as they choose from one team to another, has been done away with. Under a new system called Right of First Refusal, a free agent can shop around for the most attractive offer. He then submits that offer in writing to his former club, which can only keep him by matching it. This procedure differs drastically from that of baseball, which is still hassling over the issue of compensation, and football, whose free agents aren't really free because the guidelines for compensation—for example, two first-round draft choices for a player making $200,000 or more—scare off potential bidders.

Already there's evidence that Right of First Refusal will bring about an escalation in pro basketball salaries that will recall the increases resulting from the battle waged for players by the NBA and ABA from 1967 to 1976. The first multimillion dollar offers came not from one of the league's financial superpowers but from Cleveland, which two weeks ago bestowed a five-year contract worth a potential $5 million upon Kansas City King Guard Otis Birdsong, the league's sixth-ranked scorer last season. A few days later the Cavaliers offered Indiana Pacer James Edwards, one of the NBA's least awe-inspiring centers, a four-year, $800,000-per-annum deal. Kansas City and Indiana have a 15-day period from the time the offers were received to match them. They can also simply let the players go their way. Or they can match the offers, and then trade the players, thereby getting something instead of nothing.

According to Kansas City General Manager Jeff Cohen, the third option may be best in Birdsong's case. "Otis' offer is crazy," says Cohen. "He's a good guard, but not a game breaker. Now he's on the same level financially as Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Moses Malone. If that amount is acceptable for a good guard, then Larry Bird will have to get two million a year and Kareem five."

Negotiations between the Kings and Birdsong and his agent, Bob Woolf, began a year ago, with the Kings offering as much as $600,000 a year. But at the end of the playoffs Kansas City withdrew all its previous offers. "We thought that was the fair thing to do," says Cohen. "If Otis was going to test the waters, he should have to take some risk. We didn't want him to run to Cleveland and say, 'I can get $600,000 from K.C., what do you want to give? Even then I thought that no guard was worth what we'd offered him."



Birdsong could make a bundle off his bonuses

Birdsong and Woolf were angered by the Kings' move, however, and swam all that much harder through the waters to find a willing fisherman, Cleveland owner Ted Stepien. Stepien's offer to Birdsong included a base annual salary of at least $800,000, with various incentive clauses that could up the take to $1 million—$50,000 for being named the league's Most Valuable Player; another $50,000 if the Cavaliers, 28–54 last year, make the playoffs; and a more unusual perk, 50¢ for each person over 5,000 in attendance at each Cavalier game.

Last week many of the general managers attending the NBA's annual meetings in Danvers, Mass. were suggesting that Stepien's offers represented an irresponsible approach to free agency that other clubs wouldn't duplicate. What's more likely is that basketball is now in a situation similar to baseball's, in which the owners talk of controlling salaries but trip over themselves in their rush to give big money to mediocre players. Before the meetings came to an end, the SuperSonics' Sam Schulman, a maverick in the past—he induced Spencer Haywood, who still had college eligibility left, to join the NBA, though such a move was then contrary to the rules—had made whopping offers of approximately $750,000 a year to Forward Alex English of Denver and $400,000 a year to Center Steve Hawes of Atlanta.

All of which makes Cohen, a former Celtics executive, long for the good old days. "I remember once when Larry Siegfried was signing a new contract and giving Red Auerbach a hard time," Cohen said last week. "They finally agreed one day in the training room where Larry was taking a whirlpool. Red came out sweating with his cigar drooping out of his mouth, but he was smiling. 'I gave him what I wanted to,' he said, 'but I had to throw in a case of Coke whenever he wants one.'" From now on, that and a smile won't be nearly enough. —ANTHONY COTTON

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AL WOOD (F-G, 6′ 6″, 187, North Carolina) Along with having a great attitude and a winning college background, Wood is a superb athlete. He can play both small forward and big guard. He's sound fundamentally, plays good team defense and hits the 20- to 25-footer. Yet his most admirable quality often tends to be overlooked: At 6′ 6″ he can rebound with the big boys. Because he's from North Carolina, everyone immediately compares him with former Tar Heel Walter Davis, now with Phoenix. Like Davis, Wood has a great jump shot, but he's a better penetrator and a better creator, mainly because he drives more.

FRANK JOHNSON (G, 6′ 1″, 175, Wake Forest) All year long the word was Johnson was too small. Baloney. At 6′ 1″ Johnson is versatile enough to play both point and shooting guard, à la San Antonio's James Silas. He has a good background, having played in the tough ACC, and he's physical, extremely quick and, like his brother, Eddie, who plays for Atlanta, he can fly downcourt, stop and hit a 20-footer. After Isiah, the best point guard available.

ORLANDO WOOLRIDGE (F, 6′ 9″, 215, Notre Dame) For a big man, Woolridge is an exceptional ball handler, almost guardlike. He has a good eye from the corners, he can fill a lane on the break and he understands the game, meaning he not only can see a play develop but can also make it. His biggest weakness is rebounding. The hope is he'll turn out to be a better pro than a collegian because he'll be out from under the Digger Phelps system. Then again, except for Adrian Dantley, no Irish player from the Phelps era has fared exceptionally well in the pros. Hmmm.

DANNY VRANES (F, 6′ 7″, 212, Utah) The big question is his size; he doesn't have the quickness of a small forward or the strength—he's not especially physical—of a power forward. He is, however, a good leaper, he has a deceptively quick first step, and he's considered a "coach's kid"—a player who isn't overly gifted but who will work hard and follow instructions.

ALBERT KING (F, 6′ 6″, 190, Maryland) The possessor of extraordinary natural skills. A fabulous outside shooter, with decent speed and great spring. His defense is suspect, and at times he forces bad shots. What's more, his offensive game is "robotized": two, maybe three, dribbles and then a shot. Though he can pass, he rarely drives and creates scoring opportunities. Last year he seemed to disappear at crucial moments in big games. Was that because he didn't want the ball, or because Driesell's troops couldn't get it to him?

KELLY TRIPUCKA (F, 6′ 6″, 210, Notre Dame) Before Kansas City's Ernie Grunfeld played superbly in the NBA playoffs, Tripucka's stock was so-so; scouts considered him a Grunfeld clone: a tough, schoolyard player who could be a ninth man and not cause headaches. Grunfeld's performances made scouts think more highly of Tripucka. And now, with an emphasis in the league shifting toward going "with the biggest lineup possible," Tripucka may see a lot of playing time next season.

DARNELL VALENTINE (G, 6′ 1″, 180, Kansas) Great body, but can't shoot a lick. Plays solid defense, knows how to run a team, but too often lapses into a runaway style, meaning that he'll penetrate the middle, leave his feet and, like Washington's Kevin Porter, will throw the ball away. But if he can be controlled, he can play.

RAY TOLBERT (F, 6′ 9″, 218, Indiana) Great court awareness. Because he played under Bobby Knight, he's perceived to be better than perhaps he really is. Because of Knight's disciplined style of play, the extent of Tolbert's offensive game is uncertain. He can run and jump, but he's slender and will really get banged around. Still, he's not a pussycat and he can play team defense, which in itself should ensure him a spot somewhere.

HOWARD WOOD (F, 6′ 7″, 230, Tennessee) A sleeper. Has a reputation for physical play, and deserves it. He really mixes it up inside. His shooting range is only 15 feet, and his defense is questionable. Could be a nice seventh or eighth man, and if he wants it bad enough, he might be another Reggie King.



Wood has proved he's tough around the glass

GENE BANKS (F, 6′ 7″, 210, Duke) Had the draft been held two years ago, Banks might have been everyone's No. 1 choice. But he has improved little since his sophomore season. He has a great pro body and multiple skills. His biggest liabilities are a questionable outside shot and an enigmatic inside game. Because of his size, he should be able to get the ball low, turn and power it to the basket. Instead, he likes to do a lot of dipsy doo, double-pump nonsense, which, in the pro game, will result in the ball being slapped down his throat. Also, Banks is afflicted with Larry Kenonitis, meaning that when he gets a rebound, he'll race upcourt only to throw the ball away while trying to be fancy.

JEFF LAMP (G-F, 6′ 5″, 200, Virginia) Everyone is worried about his speed. Forget it. Like Boston's Larry Bird, Lamp's a player whose strength lies in the fact that he's smart, fundamentally sound and knows better than most how to play a team game. He'll be a swingman because he's big, strong and has good range on his jumper. If he were a couple of inches taller he could be compared to K.C.'s Scott Wedman. **END**

On March 18, just moments before the Golden State Warriors were to play the Houston Rockets at the Oakland Coliseum Arena, the Warriors announced over the public address system that they had suspended John Lucas for the remaining eight games of the season. Lucas was the team's only real point guard, and at the time Golden State was still battling for a playoff berth (which eventually eluded them by a single game). But the Houston game was the sixth of the season that Lucas had failed to show up for, and he had also been AWOL from more than a dozen practices and three flights. The Warriors had simply run out of patience and so, quite clearly, had their fans. When the announcement on the P.A. system ended, most of the 13,237 spectators stood and cheered.

Listening to the radio in his condominium in nearby Emeryville, Lucas heard the announcement and he heard the cheers, a demonstration that would have been incomprehensible one year before. In his first four years in the NBA, Lucas had established himself as one of pro basketball's best point guards, a superior athlete—he had played professional tennis during two NBA offseasons—whose effervescent personality had made him popular with teammates, fans and media. But in this, his fifth season, John Lucas hadn't been himself. As he sat in his condo that evening, he knew that his coach, Al Attles, didn't understand why he wasn't at the Coliseum. He knew that his parents back in Durham, N.C. didn't understand why he wasn't



Lucas has spent most of the off-season at his parents' home in Durham, N.C., where he is surrounded by memories and mementos of earlier, happier days

there. Certainly the fans didn't understand, nor did the Bay Area media, which had chronicled what it perceived to be his weak excuses and his high-income arrogance while hinting, as many NBA people were at that time, at a cocaine problem. But the saddest thing was that Lucas didn't really understand why he wasn't there, either.

More than two months have now passed since that bleak night. Last week John Lucas could have been seen briskly entering the 12th-floor offices of his Washington, D.C. lawyers, Dell, Craighill, Fentress and Benton. Secretaries abandoned their typewriters to embrace him. Lawyers, clerks and public relations men left their desks to shake his hand. Lucas had a word and a smile for all of them. Within minutes he had invited half a dozen people to lunch, answered several phone calls, pressed a lot of flesh, pilfered a couple of his attorneys' tennis rackets, and thrown around enough jive and good humor to energize the law offices for the rest of the day.

Strange states, "and it is my professional opinion that he does not have any chemical dependency on alcohol, cocaine or other drugs." Instead, Strange saw the root of Lucas' difficulties as a "depressive illness associated with stressful personal, family and career issues."

The Lucas story is about many things and many people. But most of all it speaks to this point: that athletes are less than the superhuman creatures we so often perceive them to be and that they are subject to the same demons of grief, de-



JOHN LUCAS: PICKING UP THE PIECES

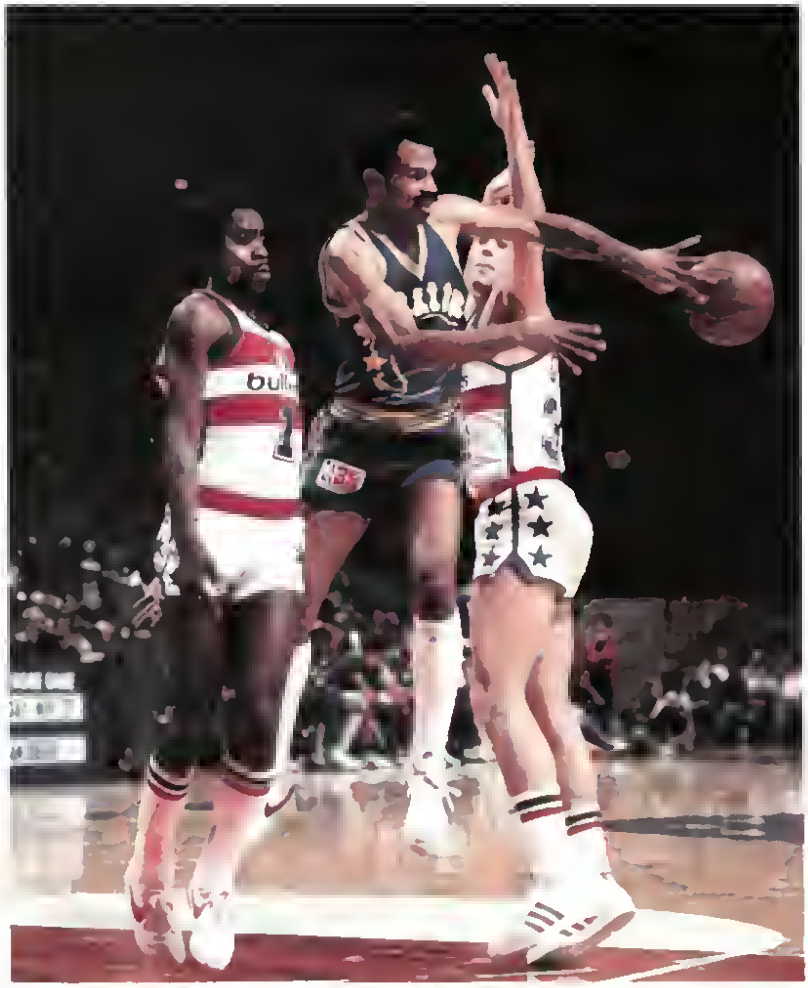
The myaterious behavior of Golden Stste's point guard lsst season raised msny qusations. After therspy, Lucas offers snswers ***by JACK McCALLUM***

Once out on the street, Lucas walked with a this-is-my-city stride that seemed in part justified by the passersby who recognized him and by the people who shouted "Hey, John!" from cars. It was a beautiful spring day and Lucas, who had spent much of the past year "out of my rhythm," was back in it now. At Mel Krupin's, a sort of D.C. Toots Shor's, Lucas had only to signal and Mel himself scouted out a table. "Mr. Lucas," Mel said with mock formality, "you're back!" "That's right, Mel," Lucas said sincerely, "I'm back."

Back from where? Where had John Lucas gone in that lost season and how did he find his way back? Lucas and his attorneys think they have the answers to those questions in a recent report from Dr. Robert Strange, a Falls Church, Va. psychiatrist whom Lucas has been seeing over the last two months. "In my evaluation I found no evidence [that Lucas'] problems were caused by drug abuse,"

spair and loneliness that ravage us all.

When Lucas started missing games last season, dependence on or overuse of cocaine became the most popular explanation. Almost overnight he was transformed from "solid citizen" (Attles) and "Boy Scout" (Lucas himself) into an unreliable shadow of himself who continually let down his teammates and Attles. Reports of Lucas' erratic behavior and reports that cocaine use in the NBA was as high or higher than 80% caused even Donald Dell, the high-powered former Davis Cup captain and present attorney/agent for many athletes, who has known Lucas since he was a high school tennis phenom in Durham, N.C., to have doubts about his client. "We heard from many players around the league that John was starting to have drug problems, principally with cocaine," says Dell. "John always said it wasn't true. Finally I said, 'John, whether or not it's true, 99% of the people in basketball *continued*



Statistically Lucas went backward last season, averaging 8.4 points in the 66 games he played

JOHN LUCAS *continued*

believe you're on drugs. That's what I have to deal with. Not whether it's true, but with what they all think."

No one except John Lucas truly knows whether drugs were a factor in his disappearing acts. He denies that he used cocaine last season, indeed, ever.

"Ever since it came out that 80% of the guys in the league are on cocaine and I acted a little out of character, I'm supposed to be going over the deep end on drugs," he says. "As soon as there are problems [with NBA players] that's the first thing people say. I'm not going to let people tear apart a character that has taken me 27 years to build." The point, as far as Lucas is concerned, is that a psychiatrist, Strange, who was chosen by Dell's firm specifically because of his experience as a drug counselor, has said cocaine wasn't the problem.

What was? Actually, Lucas' dilemma stemmed from problems heaped upon one another—a big rotting submarine sandwich of problems. For the first 26 years of his life he had been a child of good fortune and good timing. He entered the University of Maryland the year (1972) when freshman eligibility went into effect and became one of the country's first-year darlings. Coming out of college four years later as the nation's No. 1 pick, Lucas was signed by the Houston Rockets five days before the NBA and the old ABA merged. He took advantage of the leagues' competitive situation to obtain a five-year contract worth about $1.6 million. In 1978 he joined the Warriors as compensation for the Rockets' signing of Rick Barry. This season a sudden confluence of difficulties evidently produced what Strange describes as "uncharacteristic, impulsive behavior and episodes of poor judgment of a potentially self-destructive type."

And in fact, if ever a player self-destructed, Lucas did. He shattered the very foundation upon which his career had been built—reliability. "I never missed a game in my life before this year," says Lucas. "I never missed any practices. I never missed anything! Look at my streak [317 consecutive games from his rookie year to March 9 of the 1979-80 season, when the flu forced him out of a game in San Diego]. That's the kind of player I was." That Lucas would suddenly start missing basketball games without reason is viewed by Strange as a result of a depressive illness. "In psychiatry, we call them 'depressive equivalents,'" he says.

The first of Lucas' setbacks occurred last summer. A paternity suit brought against him in Durham had been dismissed three different times in the past six years. But now those rulings were overturned by the North Carolina Court of Appeals and the case was remanded for trial. The court's action came as a surprise to Lucas and his attorneys. So far there had been no publicity; to contest the charge would have resulted in a public trial in a town in which Lucas' parents are leading citizens. (His father, John Sr., is principal of Hillside High School, from which Lucas graduated in 1972; his mother, Blondola, is assistant principal at Shepard Junior High.) "I wanted my mother and father to be protected at all costs," says Lucas. "I was calling home every five minutes to find out what was going on." When the story finally did make the papers, Lucas decided to settle out of court. It cost him about $120,000.

Then, in August, the Warriors acquired Lloyd (All World) Free from the San Diego Clippers for Phil Smith and future considerations. At first Lucas reacted favorably. To this day he calls Free "the most talented guard I ever played with." But Free needs the ball, and at Golden State the ball had belonged to Lucas, who had averaged 8.4 assists as well as 14.3 points in his first two seasons with the Warriors. "Let's face it, when Lloyd came over and I was asked to make some adjustments, it hurt my game," says Lucas. "It took the ball out of my hands."

Free's arrival also deprived Lucas of a possible team captaincy. Center Clifford Ray was named player assistant coach in the off-season, and Lucas and Free shared Ray's captaincy in the preseason. Then Attles gave the honor to Free alone. To the coach, it was merely a gesture to the Warrior with the most NBA experience. Free had five years in the league, Lucas four.

Lucas admits he never told Attles it bothered him. But it did. "I was looking forward to it," says Lucas. "I have my master's degree in education *continued*


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[from the University of San Francisco]. To a playmaker who doesn't score or shoot that much, that status of captaincy is important." That's particularly true of a person like Lucas, who has always been a leader. Says David Falk, the attorney in Dell's firm who spends the most time with Lucas, "For some of the reasons Lloyd likes to be called World, John likes to be called Captain."

On Nov. 7 Lucas didn't show up for a team trip to Portland, his first unexcused absence. In a prepared statement the Warriors said, "The club and the player have come to a resolution on the matter and there will be no further comment on the subject from either the player or the club." Then, on Dec. 8, Lucas walked into his condo, turned on the answering machine and heard the following message: "John, this is your father. Coach Easterling has passed away. Please call as soon as possible."

Carl Easterling, who was 74 when he died, had been Lucas' second father since he started high school. Easterling taught Lucas his funny one-hand set shot. He introduced Lucas to tennis and coached him as John became one of the top-rated juniors in the world. Easterling took time away from his restaurant business in Durham to drive John to tournaments around the country. Easterling was with John at a tournament in Tennessee during which Lucas, the only black player there, was called continually and mysteriously for foot faults. "I remember Coach Easterling telling me, 'You just got your first taste of what life's all about,' " says Lucas.

Lucas played in the game against Seattle on Dec. 10, then flew to Durham for the Easterling funeral on the 12th, receiving permission to miss practices on the 11th and 12th. But Lucas also failed to appear for games against Houston at home on the 13th and at Los Angeles on the 14th. He said he caught the flu and was "sick as a dog." But the real problem was the death of Easterling, which sent him into the tailspin from which he wouldn't recover until after the season.

"People just couldn't understand that this wasn't a typical coach-athlete relationship," says Lucas' father. "John felt put upon that people wouldn't consider Carl's death important to him. They were saying, 'Are you going to go home for your Sunday school teacher's funeral the next time?' "

At Easterling's funeral, Lucas told his mother, "Mama, I don't know what I'm going to do if Grandma dies." On Jan. 4, Alice Dunn Powell, 96, Lucas' maternal grandmother, died in Charlotte. She had taken care of John and his sister, Cheryl, during summers when their parents were studying at New York University. She was an avid sports fan who followed Lucas' career closely, even at her advanced age. The Warriors were again understanding about Lucas' flying back to attend the funeral and missing a practice. He didn't have to miss a game this time, but he returned from Durham with a few more emotional pieces out of place.

"The problem was that I never had the time to stop and think about the deaths until I was alone and by myself," says Lucas. "Those were the first two people close to me who had ever died. I didn't cope with the deaths as well as somebody else might because I had always had somebody with me since I was 10. My parents. Coach Easterling. But this time I was out in California alone, nobody to check up on me, and it made a big difference. Yes, there was Al [Attles]. I felt I could talk to Al. Al is one of the finest men I've ever worked for. But he was my coach. He really wasn't the man to go to in this instance."

The depth of Lucas' dilemma was perhaps impressed upon Attles for the first time when John missed a home game against the Knicks on Jan. 24, the fourth game from which he had been AWOL. Just the night before Lucas had assured Attles there would be no more trouble. Attles, who had been taking heat in the press for being overly patient with Lucas, agreed with the subsequent decision to punish Lucas by leaving him behind when the team made a three-game trip to Chicago, Indiana and Detroit. That was the first official action the Warriors had taken.

Lucas' contract was another problem. The Warriors had the right to pick up the option on his contract by Jan. 15. By that date Lucas had missed three games and several practices and hadn't shown himself to be a good risk, so they didn't exercise the option—and at present Lucas is a free agent.

Woven into the fabric of *continued*

Lucas draws support from his family: wife Debbie, daughter Tarvia, parents Blondola and John Sr.



Lucas' woes was what Dell calls the "bad crowd" theory. "The biggest problem in pro basketball today in my opinion—and I'm not an expert on drugs so I wouldn't know about that—is what I would call the 'hanger-on' environment in every NBA city," he says. "Not just the drug situation that can result but also the bad advice. People saying, 'John, look, Golden State doesn't appreciate you but somebody else will. You don't need them.' "

Falk agrees. "I think some of the people around John, the floaters, told him, 'Don't worry about what you do. No matter what, they're going to pick up the option,' " he says. "We kept telling him, 'John, it's not going to happen. They're not going to pick it up.' But the floaters were saying, 'Yes they are, John, yes they are.' "

Tom Nissalke, who was Lucas' first pro coach, at Houston, agrees that Lucas' main weakness is playing follow the leader off the court. "On the court he's got charisma, leadership, whatever you want to call it," says Nissalke, now the head coach of the Utah Jazz. "But off the court he will let himself be led." Nissalke agrees with Dell about the hangers-on; he calls them the "nitwit element."

And Lucas now admits that he got some bad advice. "I guess I was getting in with some wrong people," he says. "Really, I don't know what the *wrong* crowd is. I like everybody. But it's a big problem. I've lent more money out than I should have ever lent out. [Dell estimates Lucas has made a dozen loans of between $500 and $800.] I'll never get it back. Yes, I have to admit I do have people who were my friends six months ago who aren't now."

And so, for all these reasons, and maybe others that only he knows about, John Lucas stopped behaving like a professional. "It just got so that nothing mattered," he says. "I'd go in to Al and say, 'Al, it's as if I lost my desire.' But I knew that wasn't it, either. Maybe at 3 o'clock I'd feel like going to the game. At 4 o'clock, no. At 5 o'clock, yes. At 6 o'clock, no. I tell you, I wish I had a recording going on in my mind because I couldn't explain it myself." And Lucas was constantly called on to do exactly that—to explain, to his parents, his attorneys, to old friends like Renee Richards (his former mixed doubles partner in World Team Tennis).

Lucas, however, didn't do much explaining to the Bay Area media, and the inevitable bad press exacerbated his situation. All the factors leading up to his depression were probably mentioned at one time or another in the newspapers, but the whole package just didn't add up. The drug theory seemed to be the most plausible, so drug innuendos began to creep into stories about Lucas; gradually, it became widely accepted that cocaine was bringing him down.



Attles was criticized for being overly patient with Lucas.

Except for one radio call-in show in late February, Lucas stopped doing interviews. "The thing was, what could I say if I did try to answer the questions?" says Lucas. "I didn't know why I was acting like I was."

Ultimately, Lucas came to realize that he needed some answers. "I felt like everything around me was dying, everything was falling down," he says. A week after his suspension, he married his longtime sweetheart, Debbie Fozard, with whom he had a 2-year-old daughter, Tarvia. He then decided to spend the offseason in Durham with his parents, wife and daughter, away from the Bay Area (which he nevertheless still refers to as "heaven"). He went to his lawyers and said, "Anything, I'll do anything you want me to do to clear this thing up." Dell and Falk spoke to Dr. Stanford Lavine, the Washington Bullets' team physician, and he recommended Strange, who, in addition to practicing psychiatry, is a consultant to the Commonwealth Counseling Corporation, a drug and alcohol rehabilitation service in Alexandria.

Lucas entered a hospital in Fairfax, Va. under an assumed name and went through a battery of physical tests. Then he began once-a-week sessions with Strange.

As to Lucas' present condition, Strange has concluded, "[He] no longer manifests symptoms of depression. He has no psychiatric impairment. He is emotionally and physiologically fit to continue his profession."

Whether Lucas will be back in a professional basketball uniform next season is still uncertain. But he is back to being himself. "I look at it like this," Lucas says. "It's just an unfortunate accident that happened to a good guy. I'm not a bad guy. I'm nobody's problem child. Never have been, never will be."

Says Falk, "To negotiate with a team owner and convince him the John Lucas we're talking about is the Lucas of the first four years and not the fifth year, we've got to really substantiate what the problems were and why he no longer suffers from them."

Lucas and his attorneys believe they have that substantiation, and their Exhibit No. 1 is Strange's report. Lucas is willing that it be shown around, although, like many people, he's sensitive about public reaction to his visits to the psychiatrist.

After all, an athlete's world is supposed to revolve around broken bones, not broken psyches. "You have to realize how hard it was for me, how hard it still is, to open up my life to people," he says. "But I'm willing to do it. I've *got* to do it to show people what was wrong with me. I'll pay that price."

A good possibility is that Lucas will end up with Utah, where Nissalke has a hand in personnel decisions. "I'm a John Lucas fan," says Nissalke. "I wouldn't go so far as to say I'd bet my life on John Lucas. But I would say that I'd stake as much of my basketball career on him now as I did when I was back at Houston and picked him No. 1."

"You know," says Lucas, "I always said I'd like to do anything once in life just to try it. I wanted to be a pimp or a basketball player or a woman or whatever. Just to see what it felt like. But what I went through this year—that kind of person? No, thank you. Once was too much for that." **END**

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SWINGO, ERGO SUM

So Ben Oglivie, the philosopher-home run king of baseball, seems to be saying with his bat

by STEVE WULF





Oglivie sometimes hits himself accidentelly while waggling the bat The books he hits on purpose

Three of Ben Oglivie's favorite philosophers are Jean Jacques Rousseau, Henry David Thoreau and Bruce Lee. Their minds are not often linked to a common school of thought. But then, nothing is common about Ben Oglivie, not even the spelling of his last name. Oglivie is a Milwaukee Brewers outfielder who is accomplished not only in philosophy, but also in music, Jeet Kune Do, Ping-Pong and crossword puzzles. And if you ever need a seven-letter word for, say, 24 across, Lefthand-hitting American League home run champion, don't be so quick to jot down Jackson.

Last year Oglivie tied Reggie for the league home run title with 41. Not bad for a guy who has carried Plutarch around. Not bad for a guy *continued*

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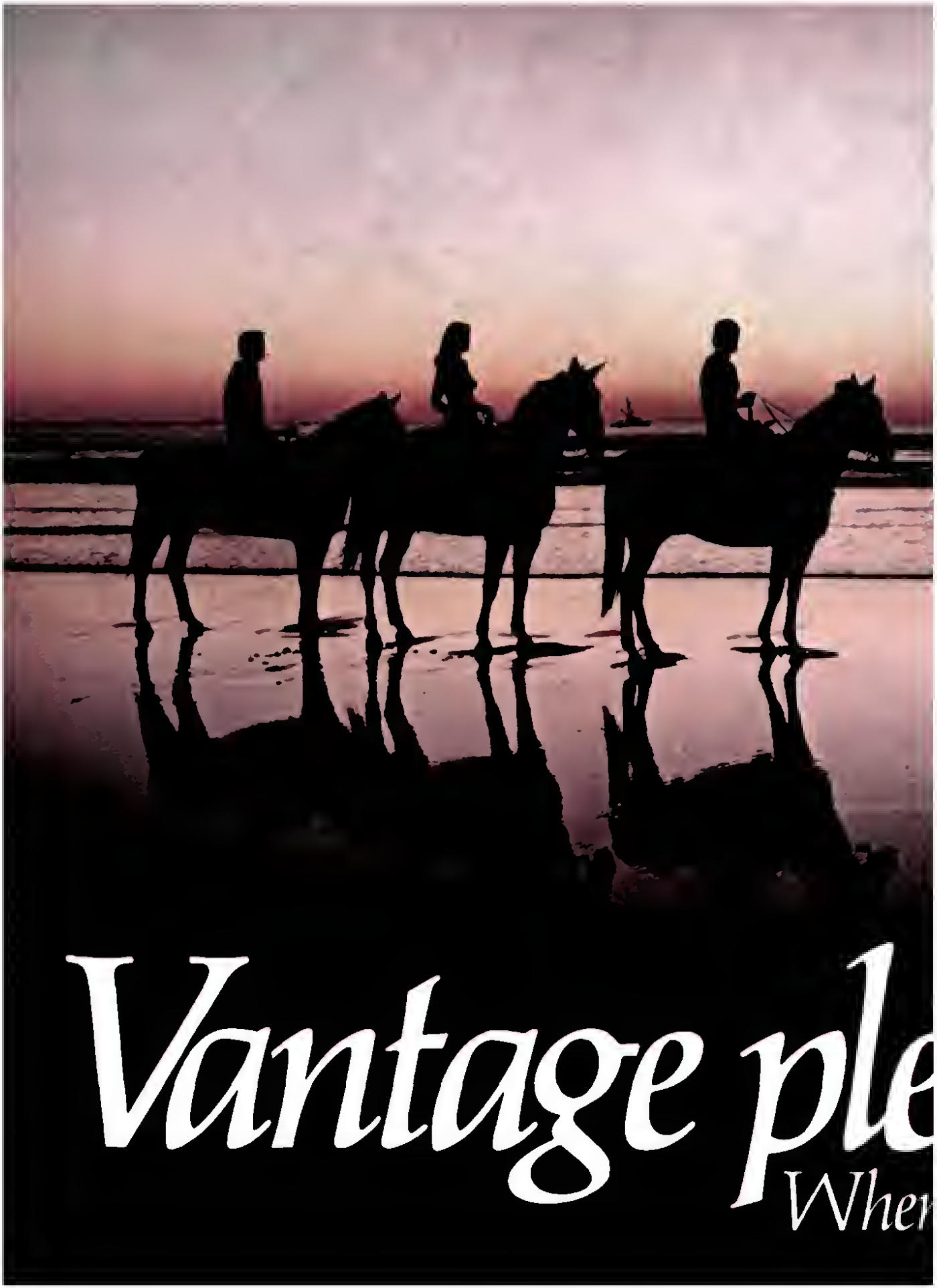
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who supposedly couldn't hit lefthanders. And not bad for a guy who weighs only 170 pounds. Only one player that light has ever hit that many homers: 170-pound Mel Ott, who had 42 for the New York Giants in 1929.

Oglivie generates his power with one of the most ferocious swings in baseball. "He's the only hitter who makes me uncomfortable when I'm holding a runner on first base," says Rod Carew, the California Angels' first baseman and, like his friend Oglivie, a Panamanian-New Yorker. Oglivie wields his 36-ounce bat with a controlled fury that seems to paraphrase, physically, René Descartes (the philosopher, not the new Mariners manager). "I swing, therefore I am."

Before he swings, Oglivie wags his bat overhead as a puppy might wag his tail. "Umpires tell me I hit myself in the head sometimes," says Oglivie. "They wonder how I could possibly hit with a hitch like that." But, as the Brewers' batting coach, Harvey Kuenn, points out, "Bad hitters have hitches. Good hitters have rhythm." Once he begins his swing, Oglivie tries to apply the advice of two of his other teachers. Said Bruce Lee, "Like a cobra, your stroke should be felt before it is seen." Said Thoreau, "In the long run men hit only what they aim at." Last year Oglivie hit .304 and drove in 118 runs.

Oglivie brought that swing with him from Panama when he was 17. Because his father had been an oiler who worked on the ships in the Canal, the Oglivies had enjoyed the privileges of living in the Canal Zone. Ben, one of seven brothers and sisters, got an opportunity to study the piano and music theory at a conservatory there. He also played a good deal of baseball and soccer. When his father died, though, the family was faced with the grim prospect of moving back into the poverty of Panama City or the uncertain prospect of relocating in New York City, where one of Ben's older sisters had settled. The Oglivies wound up in the South Bronx.

"I had to go from Panama, where the pace is slow, to the fastest place on earth," says Oglivie. Fortunately, his skills in soccer and baseball made the transition to Roosevelt High School somewhat smoother than it might have been. And Ben Oglivie set himself the task of educating Ben Oglivie. "I spoke English, but it was a flat kind of English," he says. "I thought the best way to learn the language was to read a lot of books. Big books, not funny books."

In the meantime, a bird dog named Al Harper, who's now a scout with the Montreal Expos, told Bots Nekola, the Red Sox scout who had signed Carl Yastrzemski, about this skinny first baseman for Roosevelt High. Nekola watched Oglivie play and also met the family. "The most wonderful family," says Nekola. "One sister was a nurse, another was a schoolteacher, and the brother became a shipfitter." Nekola persuaded Player Personnel Director Haywood Sullivan to make Oglivie the Sox' pick in the seventh round of the June 1968 free-agent amateur draft.

Oglivie, who had planned to study electrical engineering at Bronx Community College, soon found himself on the way to Jamestown, N.Y., where the Red Sox had a team in the Class A New York-Pennsylvania League. "When I first saw him," says Cecil Cooper, a first baseman on that same Jamestown club and now the first baseman on the Brewers, "I thought he was the new bat boy. He was that small. And his suitcase was that big."

Cooper and Oglivie alternated at first base that year, but the Red Sox soon converted Oglivie to the outfield. The two roomed together the next year in Greenville, S.C., where they played for the Class A Red Sox. "He never said 10 words," Cooper recalls. "He was Gentle Ben even then." As Rousseau wrote, "People who know little are usually great talkers, while men who know much say little."



Ben's not martial, but is partial to nunchaku

The paths of Cooper and Oglivie diverged after Greenville, but both of them arrived in Boston at the tail end of the 1971 season. And both fell *continued*



Oglivie is so adept at crossword puzzles he has tamed The Times puzzle in about two minutes



Hits are outs in the web of Spiderman's glove



Tammy, Benji, Trianna and Ben are all swingers.

victim to the labeling practices of baseball. Rousseau wrote, "Our wisdom consists of servile prejudices." Thoreau picked up on the same theme in *Walden* when he wrote, "Public opinion is a weak tyrant compared with our own private opinion. What a man thinks of himself, that is which determines, or rather, indicates his fate." And Bruce Lee—who said he wasn't in the same league with Rousseau and Thoreau?—could have been talking about baseball executives when he said, "The classical man is just a bundle of routine, ideas and tradition. When he acts, he is translating every living moment in terms of the old."

After two seasons, the Red Sox decided that Oglivie couldn't field, that his speed was wasted and that he was at best a platoon player. In 1973 they traded him to Detroit for Infielder Dick McAuliffe, who was nearly through. "It hurt to lose Ben," says Nekola. "And we lost him badly."

"When I first came up, I was just happy to be there," says Oglivie. "I figured I'd just wait my turn. My turn never came. I'd play two good games, and then I was back on the bench again. I couldn't comprehend that." Rather than pop off, Oglivie tried to be patient and compliant. "I've seen too many guys talk themselves out of baseball," he says.

Ironically, Oglivie was trapped in one of baseball's subtle prejudices. Latin American ballplayers are expected to be hot-tempered; if they're not, it must mean they don't care. "People think Rod Carew is lazy," says Oglivie. "I look at him and see a great intensity."

Going to Detroit should have been Oglivie's salvation, but just as Rousseau had Diderot, Oglivie had Ralph Houk, then the Tigers' manager. "My weakness was not *fielding*," says Oglivie. "My weakness was not *playing*. And personally, I think the author of the platoon system was a guy who couldn't hit lefthanders. But after a while you begin to believe these guys who are supposed to be the authorities. For a time I really believed I couldn't field and I couldn't hit lefties."

Meanwhile, the Red Sox were labeling Cooper a bad fielder and shipping him off to Milwaukee for George Scott and Bernie Carbo. Cooper has won the American League's Gold Glove for first basemen the last two years.

After Oglivie hit 21 homers for the Tigers in 1977, in only 450 at bats, the club traded him to the Brewers for pitchers Rich Folkers and Jim Slaton. Folkers never pitched another inning in the majors, and Slaton returned to the Brewers a year later as a free agent. Thus, Oglivie inspired two of the worst trades of the '70s. The second trade was the first major deal Harry Dalton made as the Milwaukee general manager. "I thought I made a good trade," Dalton says now, "but believe me, I didn't think I was getting the future American League home run champion."

All sorts of good things befell Oglivie when he was sent to the Brewers. He met Frank Howard, then a coach. "Day in and day out he'd hit fly balls to me in the outfield," says Oglivie. "It was great just knowing someone was willing to come out and help me. The man worked, and his work generated an enthusiasm in me." Through Cooper, Oglivie met Attorney Tony Pennacchia, who helped straighten out some of Oglivie's tangled personal affairs. (His first marriage ended in divorce.) Oglivie then put himself on a Nautilus program to boost his strength. And last, but not least, Oglivie met Tammy Hunsinger in Mesa, Ariz., an hour from the Brewers' spring-training complex in Sun City. The Oglivies plan to make Tempe their year-round home. Says Pennacchia, "His marriage to Tammy turned his career around. I think Ben was finally able to find peace with himself."

In his first year in Milwaukee, 1978, Oglivie led the club in batting (.303) and slugging percentage (.497) while hitting 18 homers and driving in 72 runs. But he was still thought of as an incomplete player. The big break for Oglivie was a bad break for Larry Hisle. When Hisle went on the disabled list in early 1979 with a torn rotator cuff, Oglivie was given the leftfield job to have and to hold. "It was a consolation to me that Ben got his chance," says Hisle, himself a late bloomer. "I think, eventually, though, even if I hadn't gotten hurt, he would've played. I'm just honored to have him as a teammate."

Oglivie responded to full-time duty with a .282 average, 29 homers and 81 RBIs in 514 at bats. Even more significant, he batted .337 against the lefthanders he wasn't supposed to *continued*

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be able to hit. Last year, at the advanced age of 31, he came into his own. He was second in the league in total bases to Cooper. He had 12 game-winning RBIs, and in clutch-hitting situations from the seventh inning on (how's that for a statistic?), he batted .345. He also hit one of the longest home runs of the year, on April 20 off Ron Guidry. For all his power, Oglivie struck out just 71 times. Jackson, on the other hand, whiffed 122 times in his quest of another homer.

Oglivie wasn't such a bad fielder after all. He used to be known as Spiderman for the rather unorthodox way he patrolled the outfield, but while the nickname was once meant derisively, it's now a term of endearment. Although Oglivie still lets an occasional line drive play him, former Brewers Manager George Bamberger maintains that there is no leftfielder in baseball better at reducing a sure double in the corner to a single. Last year Oglivie was second in the league in assists, with 18. He can also steal a base: He had 34 in his first three years with the Brewers. "For a guy who couldn't field, couldn't run bases and couldn't hit lefties, he's doing pretty well," says Manager Buck Rodgers. The one thing Oglivie cannot do is slide, but then he may be taking Thoreau's words to heart: "The swiftest traveler is he that goes afoot."

This season Oglivie has been struggling at the plate, batting only .215 at the end of last week, but he has five homers and his 30 RBIs lead the team. Nevertheless, his teammates aren't worried. They know Oglivie will find the answer somewhere, in his swimming, or his Jeet Kune Do, or his backgammon. "There aren't enough hours in the day for Ben Oglivie," says Hisle. Cooper, who's been watching him for years, says, "He's always into something. Karate, poetry, crosswords. The other day I saw him go through *The New York Times* crossword puzzle in about two minutes."

Oglivie has tried to continue his education throughout his baseball career. While with the Red Sox he took courses at Northeastern. With the Tigers, he enrolled in the Wayne State philosophy department. "Philosophy taught me that we have to prove ourselves and justify our existence every day," says Oglivie. "That's especially true in baseball. You can go 5 for 5 and still have to justify yourself tomorrow."

Oglivie doesn't always *read* books; he often talks them. "I'll take a book and read it aloud into a tape recorder," he says. "I still have a little trouble reading English, and I find I retain things better. Sometimes it'll take me a year to read a book, because I want to be sure I understand everything." When Oglivie played his tapes for the Tigers, Mark Fidrych, the very model of sanity, thought he was weird. Actually, Oglivie is a little weird. Last year in Baltimore, he left the water running in the bathtub of his hotel room while he went to the ball park. When informed that the ceiling below his bathroom had collapsed, Oglivie said, "Did I do that?"

He no longer plays the piano, but he fiddles around with a flute. "Very classical, very passive," he says. "It calms me." His interest in the martial arts, particularly in the Jeet Kune Do of Bruce Lee, is more mental than physical, although he exercises with nunchaku sticks. "I'm not interested in black belts," he says. "The only purpose of a belt is to hold your pants up. Once you've attained the mastery of the art, you learn to be humble instead of overconfident. Besides, when I get into a fight, I'd rather talk my way out of it." Oh, yes. Oglivie can also twirl a baton with the skill of a Miss Teenage Louisiana.

"He's the most intelligent athlete I've ever known," says Pennacchia. Oglivie's wife, Tammy, says, "They say that people only use about 6% of their brain power. Well, Benji uses at least 7%." Ben's new family—Tammy, 15-month-old daughter Trianna and 7-week-old Benji Jr.—takes up a good deal of his time now, but that's all to his delight. "They are my life now," he says.

Still, Oglivie feels that some years are owed to him. "Right now I'm 32," he says, "There are players who are 32 getting released, and here I am, just starting. I want to take the five or six years I didn't play and add them onto the end of my career. I think I can."

"One of the best quotes I know comes from Augustine. He said, 'The body manifests what the mind harbors.' "

Was that, by any chance, Augustine as in Saint Augustine?

"Actually," says the philosopher-home run king, "it was Jerry Augustine, our relief pitcher." END



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It is comfortable to return to the Merion Golf Club in Ardmore, Pa. for another U.S. Open. Merion is one of the reassuring verities of golf, unique in many ways and beloved in a game where stability is regarded as a primary virtue. Merion is what the constitution of the U.S. Golf Association is talking about when it speaks of conserving "the best interests and the true spirit of the game of Golf as embodied in its ancient and honorable traditions." Not changeless, but on the other hand the diameter of the holes at Merion (four and one-quarter inches) is not enlarged every time someone reports a dip in golf's Nielsen ratings. As Gene Sarazen has said, "Merion is just the same, only the players are different."

If Merion has stood golf's test of time, so have some of the game's premier players. That, too, is in the nature of golf. Consider Jack Nicklaus and Lee Trevino. Both of them are 41 now, a mellow age for a golfer. Ten years ago they met in the last U.S. Open played at Merion and, when Sunday's round was over, they were tied for first place. In the playoff the next day, Trevino clearly outplayed Nicklaus and won his second Open title.

That was 1971. If you had to pick two likely contenders from this year's field, you could do a lot worse than select Trevino or Nicklaus. Before the '71 Open, they were the two best golfers in the game. How much has changed?

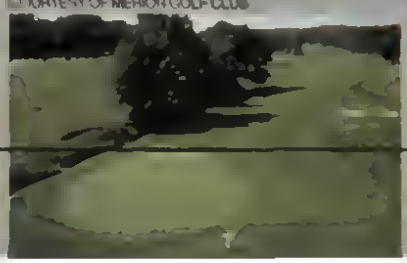
This time Trevino comes off a season in which he won three tour events. He captured the Vardon Trophy for the fifth time with a scoring average of 69.73, the lowest figure since Sam Snead's 69.23 30 years earlier. He banked $385,814 in U.S. winnings alone, his best ever and second only to Tom Watson, another likely contender in '81 who is still looking for his first U.S. Open victory.

As for Nicklaus—everybody knows about his 1980 season. It was supposed to confirm what doubters had been saying for some time—that the Golden Bear was ready for permanent hibernation. But then came his two splendid wins in the Open at Baltusrol and at the PGA championship. All that did was fuel a lively discussion about who should be named Golfer of the Year—Watson, the No. 1 money winner on the tour, or Nicklaus, the aging retread who had somehow miraculously rediscovered his short iron game.

The 1971 Open at Merion had the stuff of greatness, the four



COURTESY OF MERION GOLF CLUB





Merion's Baffling Brook (right) is the key architectural element of the 370-yard 11th hole—the classic short par-4 in American golf. The brook slants in from the left in front of the green, winds around to the right and then curls directly behind the green. Since a bunker guards the left side, the approach shot must be perfect. Gene Sarazen, with a 7 in the 1934 U.S. Open, and Jack Nicklaus, with a 6 in the 1971 Open, were both bruised badly at the 11th hole.

The 426-yard 5th hole (lower left) is a rare example of a championship hole unprotected by sand. Looking deceptively innocent, this hole, with its green sharply to the left, has proved to be one of Merion's toughest.

Branches menace the green at the 360-yard 6th hole (lower right), one of Merion's six par-4s less than 400 yards long. In setting up the course, the USGA puts a heavy premium on accuracy. The fairway on the 6th, for instance, will be only 28 yards wide and the rough on either side will be fierce.

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regulation rounds playing to an almost classic Open pattern: lesser figures led the tournament early on, an unknown emerged to make a credible bid and in the end the two *right* players locked into a duel for the game's most important title—on a course that had Bobby Jones and Ben Hogan embedded in its history.

The leaders in the first two days were all tour veterans—Lahron Harris on Thursday with a 67 and Bob Erickson and Jim Colbert on Friday at 138. At this point Jack Nicklaus was three strokes back and Lee Trevino four. Tied with Trevino going into Saturday was Jim Simons, who was destined to be this U.S. Open's wild card. Wild cards are players who do not win, but whose contributions to an Open are as critical as a boffo second-act curtain is to a Broadway comedy. Simons, now in his 10th season as a pro and a two-time tour winner, was then an apple-cheeked, 21-year-old amateur from Butler, Pa., a junior at Wake Forest and No. 2 on the team behind Lanny Wadkins, the U.S. Amateur champion.

Jim became an overnight celebrity at Merion when he shot a third-round 65 to vault into the lead by two strokes over Nicklaus. An amateur had not won the Open since Johnny Goodman amazed everybody in 1933 at the Northshore Country Club in Glenview, Ill. On Sunday, Simons and Nicklaus made up the final pairing, with Trevino, who began the day four strokes back of the leader, playing just ahead of them.

Trevino arrived at the 18th hole having made up three strokes on Nicklaus and leading him and the Open by one stroke. Simons had faltered and was on his way to a 76 and a tie for fifth place. Convinced that a par would do the trick for him, Trevino flew his second shot with a wood over the green into heavy rough. The pitch shot back left him with an eight-footer to make to win.

As he stood over the ball the silence was shattered by the sound of wood cracking. A scoreboard, used by a youngster as a perch, had given way. Trevino stepped back. He gathered himself together again—and then missed the putt!

Nicklaus had been struggling to stay at Trevino's heels. He made excruciating putts from five to eight feet to save pars on the 15th, 16th and 17th holes. Then, knowing that Trevino had bogeyed the last hole, he hit a colossal drive on the 458-yard 18th. His approach with a four iron was the perfect golf shot, high and soft, with just a touch of a draw. When the ball lit it seemed likely to roll down the tilted green to the hole. But it was struck so purely, with so much backspin, that it stopped 15 feet short.

As Nicklaus crouched over the putt, the gallery sensed that finally someone was going to birdie the last hole of an



Another view of the 11th hole (right) from the fairway to the green. Bobby Jones' epic Grand Slam ended here in 1930 when he won his final match by 8 and 7. A tablet on the drinking fountain by the 11th tee tells of Jones' feat. With the exception of some later token appearances in the Masters, Bobby never again played competitive golf



Jack Nicklaus (far left) and Lee Trevino (right) tied each other and Merion in the 1971 U.S. Open with scores of 280—even par. Trevino won the 18-hole playoff the following day with his singular blend of superb shotmaking and impish humor. His rubber snake would go down in golf history. Nicklaus never recovered after taking four strokes to get down from bunkers on both the 2nd and 3rd holes. The U.S. Open remains unique among the great events of the game in this country by requiring that there be an 18-hole playoff rather than calling for a decision by sudden-death

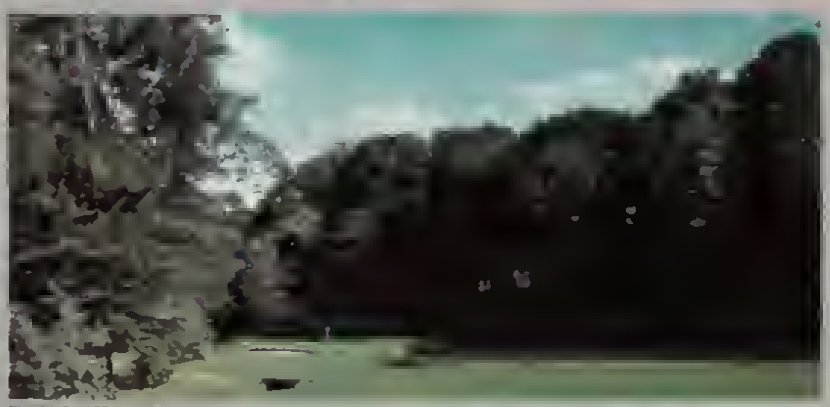


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Open to win by one stroke—and the 18th at Merion at that. Nicklaus' stroke was sure and smooth, but the ball drifted outside the left edge of the cup.

So at the end of 72 holes Nicklaus and Trevino had tied both themselves and Merion at 280—even par. Lovers of Merion, who all week had secretly feared that the old course would prove too short to withstand the assaults of the contemporary big hitters, sat back and glowed.

The playoff the next day was memorable not only for its result but for the antic behavior of Trevino, who on the first tee produced a rubber snake from his golf bag and flipped it at Nicklaus, and the shocking failure of Nicklaus to extricate his ball from bunkers on successive holes—the second and third. It was as if Vladimir Horowitz sat down to play the piano and couldn't come up with "Chopsticks." In the end, Trevino whipped Nicklaus by three strokes, 68 to 71. A short time later, Trevino won the British Open at Royal Birkdale with a beautiful 14-under 278, defending champ Nicklaus was back tied for fifth place at 283.

The quality of the 1971 Open surely added to Merion's luster, but the club has many such claims. It is unique in so many ways.

The East Course has entertained more national championships and international events (12 counting the 1981 Open) than any other course. (There is another 18-hole course at Merion, the West Course, but it is not nearly as distinguished.)

The romance of Bobby Jones is inextricably linked with Merion. He made his national debut there at age 14 in the 1916 U.S. Amateur championship and became America's first teen-age golf prodigy by advancing to the quarter-final round. Jones was a club thrower then. Ten years later, already a U.S. Open champion, he won the first of his record total of five U.S. Amateur titles at Merion. In 1930 he concluded his Grand Slam (which at that time meant winning the U.S. and British Opens and Amateurs all in one season) at Merion, whereupon he simply stepped down from competitive golf at the age of 28.

The margin of victory in the final 36-hole match was eight and seven—which allowed the Grand Slam to end appropriately on Merion's 11th—a hole breathtaking both in its appearance and for the skills it requires. Jones had bumbled to a double-bogey six on the prosaic 10th hole. He did *everything* right.

The comeback of Ben Hogan took place at Merion in the 1950 Open. In February of 1949 Hogan nearly died when a bus, attempting to pass a truck, smashed head-on into his car on a foggy Texas highway. The U.S. Open champ in '48, he was unable to defend his title



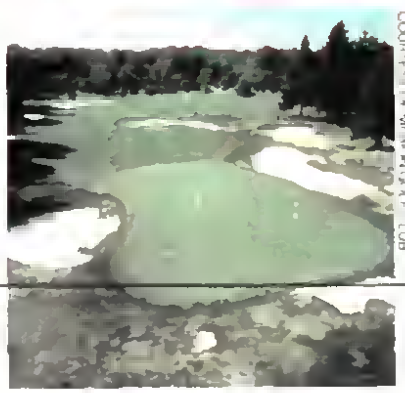
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America's first look at Bobby Jones (above) was as a 14-year-old prodigy in the 1916 U.S. Amateur at Merion. Only 5' 4" and a husky 165 pounds, Bobby drew the crowd's interest. He advanced to the quarter final despite his "golf" shoes, a pair of worn Army boots into which he had screwed spikes. Jones viewed this picture 44 years later and said, "Thank heaven I was somewhat more of a golfer than I looked to be."



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

After the 1930 U.S. Amateur, Jones (left) accepts the Havemeyer Trophy from Findlay Douglas, USGA president. Gene Homans (right), Jones' final-round victim, looks on. To get to the final, he defeated Charles Seaver, father of baseball's Tom, in a semifinal. At left is another of Merion's delicate short holes—the 355-yard 1st. The short approach to the sloping green is over a gaping bunker, while two other bunkers flank the sides.

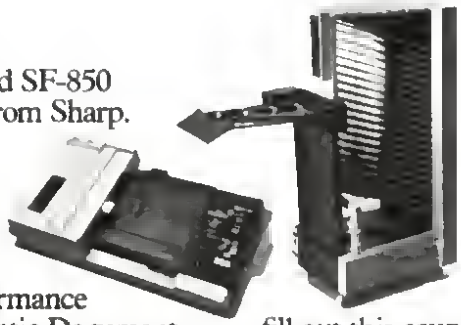


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in '49. Surgeons fought to save his life and it was believed that he would never walk again, let alone play golf. But there he was at Merion, his battered, heavily bandaged legs barely carrying him through the final double round on Saturday which was then an Open trademark. He lost a three-stroke lead on the last six holes. His lapses included three putts from only eight feet on the 15th green. Hogan managed a par-4 on the 18th after drilling a one-iron to the green (the club was stolen that night and never seen again) to set up a three-man playoff with Lloyd Mangrum and George Fazio. Hogan soaked his weary, aching legs Saturday night. On Sunday he collected the second of his four Open titles with a sparkling 69.

Merion is by all odds the shortest and most compact of the courses used for big occasions in golf. From championship tees, the length is only 6,544 yards. The layout is compressed onto 126 acres, compared to the modern ideal of 200. Worse, Merion is bisected by heavily traveled Ardmore Avenue (blessedly closed by the town fathers for the week of an Open). Paid attendance at Merion is limited to 18,000 per day by the USGA—Baltusrol in Springfield, N.J. last year drew a four-day total of 102,000. No less than six of the par-4 holes are shorter than 400 yards. (The USGA's reaction to criticism that Merion is not ample enough to contain a major championship today was "How big is the Mona Lisa?")

It was the site on which Merion bluegrass was discovered. The original patch was spotted on the course in 1929 by Joe Valentine, the course superintendent. The grass—richer in color, more vigorous and more resistant to disease than earlier bluegrasses—was tested and developed jointly by USGA agronomists and the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Finally released for public sale in 1950, Merion bluegrass did wonders for America's home lawns. However, it enjoyed only limited use on golf courses. A beautiful grass, it could not tolerate the low cut on today's fairways as well as bentgrass. There is no Merion bluegrass today at the Merion Golf Club. However, Merion blue is still used on some golf courses where conditions are right for it—especially for roughs.

As far as the USGA knows, Merion is the only course in the United States that uses bulbous wicker baskets instead of cloth flags as indicators atop flagsticks. The baskets, crimson for the front nine and tangerine for the back nine, were originally made by skilled Italian artisans on the greenkeeping staff. Richie Valentine, Joe's son and successor, has continued to uphold the tradition—at one point sending to Hong Kong for the baskets. Now, happily, they are again made on the premises by the foreman of the maintenance staff.

Rugged individualists may be distressed to learn that the East Course was designed by a committee.



HY PESKIN

Ben Hogan (left), at the end of a perfect swing, has just rifled a one-iron shot to the 18th green in the fourth round of the 1950 Open at Merion. Hogan got his par and won the playoff with a 69. This is possibly *the* most famous golf photograph: it belies his condition: unable to bend over, he depended on caddies to retrieve his ball. Another view of the 18th (below) shows the Scotch Broom that grows in some Merion bunkers.

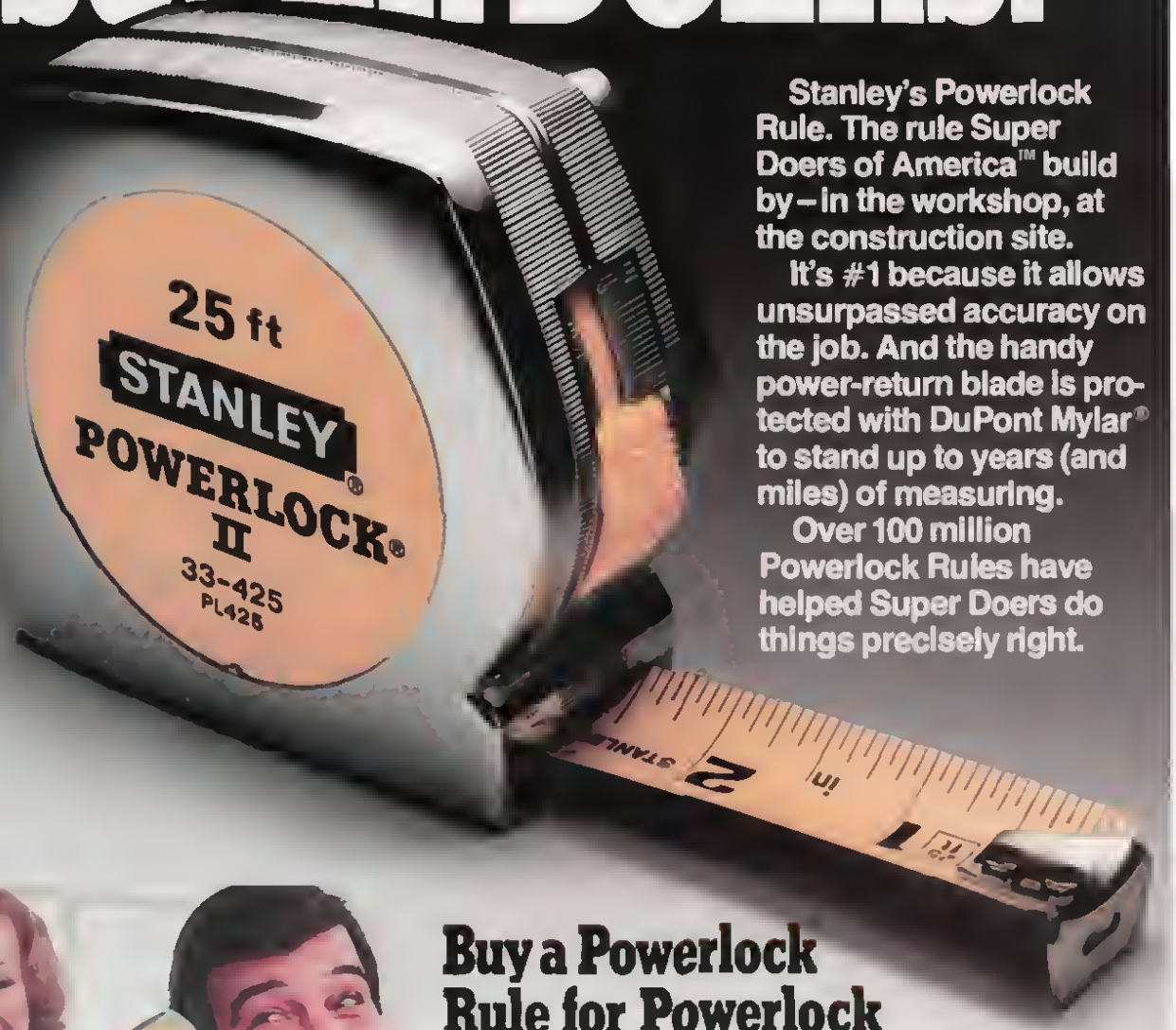


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The Valentines, Joe (right) and son Richie (left), have been Merion's only golf course superintendents since 1918. Here Joe proudly accepts the USGA Green Section Award in 1964.

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five members of the Merion Cricket Club Golf Association who were appointed in 1910. Rodman E. Griscom (onetime Philadelphia Amateur champion), Horatio Gates Lloyd (who had acquired the land and made it available to the club), Richard S. Francis (an expert on the rules of golf), Dr. Henry Toulmin (a gifted player) and the chairman, Hugh I. Wilson. The committee wisely chose their young chairman for the great job ahead. Wilson, a 1902 Princeton graduate and an excellent golfer, was sent off to Great Britain to study its venerable links courses. Already a successful insurance executive at 30, and with no prior experience in course design, Wilson spent over seven months abroad. He returned with not only piles of drawings, but an amazing concept and grasp of golf architecture. He then set about building a masterpiece.

The East Course opened in 1912. Wilson's chief aides in bringing the course into being were Bill Flynn, who stayed on as Merion's first superintendent, and Joe Valentine, then foreman of the work crew. One of the enduring images in Merion's lore is of Wilson and Valentine out on the East Course, moving bedsheets around as models for prospective bunker locations.

Hugh Wilson, who never had formal architectural training, remained an insurance executive, heading the family firm. Nevertheless, he found time to design other courses, among them the Philadelphia City Golf Course at Cobb's Creek and the Marblehall Golf Course outside Philadelphia. But Merion remained his favorite, his "little jewel," and he continued to lavish it with attention until he died in 1925 at the age of 45.

Flynn left Merion after World War I to became a partner in the architectural firm of Toomey and Flynn. Among the courses they built were Shinnecock Hills on Long Island, the Cascades Course in Hot Springs, Va. and Cherry Hills in Denver.

Valentine succeeded Flynn as superintendent in 1918. In his span of 52 years at Merion he became a legend in his field. He was the first to recognize the need for college-trained specialists to oversee the maintenance of golf courses. At Valentine's urging, Penn State introduced the first university courses in the subject in this country. Renowned for its turf research program, in 1966 Penn State's agronomy research building was named the Joseph Valentine Turfgrass Research Center. Joe's son, Richie, a graduate of the university and a noted agronomist, now gives Merion his dedication.

Merion's influence on American course design has been profound. Neophyte designers flock to Merion the way budding U.S. building







Merion's rambling white clubhouse (above left) is a five-minute walk from the Ardmore station of Philadelphia's Main Line—a commuter railway. The total costs (property, course construction and clubhouse) when Merion opened in 1912 were $181,526. The historic Quarry Hole (above) is the par-4 16th hole, the start of one of the game's most formidable stretches of finishing holes. The wicker basket (left) atop the flagstick is a Merion trademark. The green is that of the 224-yard 17th hole, the longest, most difficult of Merion's par-3s. The two-level green is practically surrounded by traps.

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architects are drawn to the Joseph E. Seagram Building in New York City. The late Dick Wilson (no relation to Hugh), responsible for such courses as Laurel Valley near Pittsburgh, worked as a water boy on the 1912 construction crew. And so Hugh Wilson begat Bill Flynn who begat Dick Wilson who begat today's Joe Lee (the fine golf courses at Disney World are his) who likely has on his staff now some able youngsters who will be building courses in the year 2000 with just a touch of Merion in them.

What makes the East Course great? Well, one time-honored test for evaluating courses is the attempt to remember the way holes looked after playing the course only once. Courses with holes that tend to blur in memory flunk the test. The East Course is conductive to total recall.

There is no consensus as to which hole is best. When sportswriter Dan Jenkins chose *The Best 18 Golf Holes in America* for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, only one course was cited twice. It was Merion and he selected the 1st and 11th holes. Golf historian Herbert Warren Wind's ideal American course lists Merion's 11th and 16th. When Arnold Palmer did a TV series on the same premise he chose the 13th, a tiny 129-yarder. Other all-star listings have included the 2nd, 3rd, 17th and 18th. But USGA Executive Director P.J. Boatwright, the man primarily responsible for setting up Merion for the Open, allows as how the par-4 5th might just be the best hole of them all. Remarkably, nine of Merion's 18 holes have been nominated for best in the country.

Merion's layout is delightfully quirky. There are only two par-5 holes and they are disposed of early, being the 2nd and 4th, so that the nine-hole par figures are an out-of-whack 36 and 34. The 7th, 8th and 10th holes are nothing but a four-wood and a wedge for the Open field. Every hole on the front nine runs either east or west; every hole on the back nine runs either north or south. Somehow it works.

Ah, but the last three holes are actually worthy of the television cliche "greatest finishing holes in golf." All three are played over an ancient stone quarry!

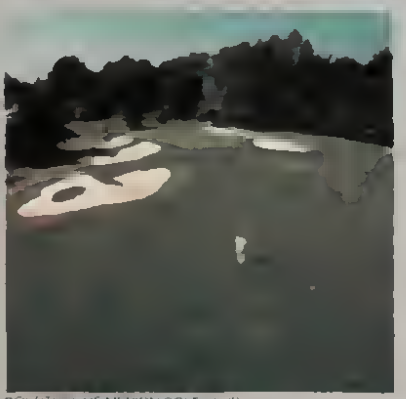
The 16th, 430 yards, calls for a second shot over an abyss of wilderness to a slick split-level green. The 17th is a brute of a par-3. At 224 yards, it offers the prospect of a double bogey 5, if the green is missed. The 18th is the quintessential finishing par-4. It starts with a drive that must carry 220 yards over the quarry to a shelf that seems at least a mile from the green. Some holes are so hard, or are made so difficult, that no player, however great, can reasonably expect to get his approach shot close enough to the hole to birdie it. On such holes men and boys are the same. The 18th at Merion comes very close to the edge—but stops. A great player *can* birdie it.

Pete Dye, the successful and innovative contemporary golf architect, says that Hugh Wilson, although he had





The par-5 2nd hole (above and right), at 535 yards, is barely within reach of two big shots by today's power hitters. However, few players are bold enough to try because Ardmore Avenue parallels the right side of the hole from tee to green and the boundary inhibits an all-out assault. No one got home in two here during the 1971 Open. Yet another look at the 11th (top right) where so much golf history has been recorded.



COURTESY OF MERION GOLF CLUB

The most enduring tale about the 11th concerns Bobby Cruickshank, the 36-hole leader in the 1934 Open. He watched in dismay as his second shot dropped into Baffling Brook during the third round, but the ball ricocheted off a stone and onto the green. Cruickshank elatedly threw his club high into the air, tipped his cap to the crowd – only to have the club descend smartly onto his head! He finished the round in 77.

a most unpromising piece of real estate to work with, managed to simulate the feel of Scottish linksland by fabricating abrupt, rugged lines. Wilson "created contours within contours that made his work appear as if it had been done by nature's winds and weather," says Dye.

Pondering the chicken-and-egg question as to whether a given course is famous only because of the accidents of history, Dye comes down hard on the side of determinism. Merion, he claims, "isn't great because history was written there. History was made there because Merion is great."

Recently the three principal celebrants of the 1971 Open were asked to recall that occasion. Their thoughts were:

JACK NICKLAUS *My memory for details of rounds I played long ago is terrible. I do remember making some good putts for pars near the end of the fourth round, but I have no picture of almost birdieing the last hole to win.*

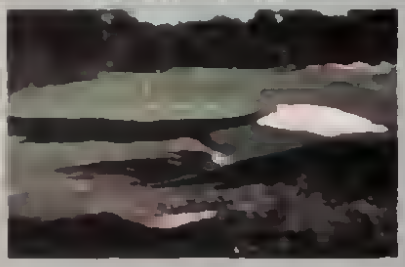
I've always marvelled at the ability of Merion to remain a true championship course despite its lack of length. If the USGA sets it up just as it was in 1971, Merion will be excellent. The variable factor on scores will be the firmness of the greens and fairways. Personally, I've never played a tournament in which the greens were too firm or too fast.

Obviously, I like Oakmont, but I thought the USGA went backwards at some other recent Open courses. They took old courses and tampered with them to keep the scores high. The winning score shouldn't matter. Scores are bound to be lower today, just as times are faster in running and swimming races. We should play Merion in 1981 just the way Lee Trevino played it in 1971 and Ben Hogan did in 1950. Don't be fooled by a comparison of Hogan's score of 287 to win an Open and my 273 last year. If Hogan had to shoot 272 to win he would have found a way to do it. So would Bobby Jones.

It's harder for me to win an Open now than it was 10 years ago. There are more good players today. Just as important, though, is the fact that tour courses today are more likely to be set up the way the USGA sets one up for the Open. Players used to come off a tour course like Brackenridge Park (San Antonio, Texas) onto an Open course and they'd go into shock.

No one has won the U.S. Open. I have a chance to do that. My entire focus in the next few years is to set myself apart from all other golfers—to set as many records as I can.

JIM SIMONS *I had a very good feeling about Merion from the first time I played it in a practice round. I had just come back from Scotland where I played in a Walker Cup Match and was runner-up to Steve Melnyk*





The 12th hole (above), looking down from the green to the fairway, which has a wicked dogleg, was lengthened about 20 yards to its present distance of 405 yards prior to the 1971 Open. There have been no changes at Merion since. Here are two views of the Nicklaus swing (right and below) in 1971. Just behind the white picket fence, off the 1st tee, observers watch the play in an *al fresco* refreshment area.



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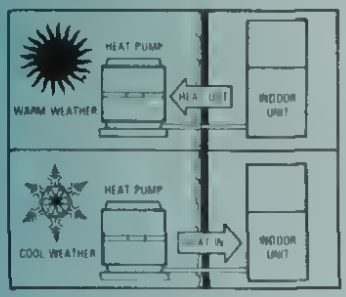


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in the British Amateur. Those experiences helped me.

I shot two 71s the first two rounds and felt I might have scored better. Then I got a break the third day being paired with Lee Trevino. No one can make you as loose as Lee does on a golf course. The last thing I needed that day was a sense of how serious the occasion was.

During that 65 I felt as if I were floating. I knocked everything stiff. On the 9th the hole was cut back left near a trap. It never occurred to me to play into the center of the green. I aimed right at the hole with a 3 iron, hit it within seven feet, and made the putt. In fact the longest putt I made all day was from 15 feet on the 16th. I was beyond myself. It's a feeling I've had only a couple of times.

After the round I said in the press tent that I was only the second best player on the Wake Forest team. That was the truth because I certainly wasn't beating Lanny Wadkins on a regular basis.

Saturday night I didn't want to relive that round, so I asked my parents and sisters who had come to see me play if they'd mind if I didn't eat with them. It turned out to be a long night. I tossed and turned. I suppose I got about four hours sleep in all and then I had to wait until the last starting time of 2:30 p.m.

When I checked out of the motel Sunday morning I did the dumbest thing I've ever done in golf. At first I couldn't find my car in the lot. I wandered around for about 10 minutes carrying the big heavy suitcase and my clubs. I never thought of putting them down. When I arrived at Merion my muscles were aching and my hands trembling. I don't believe it affected me later, but I thought about it some.

Actually I played all right that day. No big mistakes, just little things here and there. Still, I was only one shot behind Jack and Lee coming to the 15th where I hit a 6 iron as good as I can hit a ball to about 15 feet from the hole. I missed the putt but gave myself a chance at birdies on the 16th and 17th too. Finally I needed to birdie the 18th, which is an awfully big hole for me. My drive kicked into the left rough. I tried to hit a wood to reach the green though there wasn't much chance. I ended up making a 6 and dropped back from 3rd to 5th. That didn't matter. I wanted to win.

Nicklaus was great to play with. Just what I expected. The complete gentleman. There was no attempt at intimidation which is very common in a situation like that.

As we walked off the 18th green Jack said I played better than I scored. I appreciated that. Then he said something I've always remembered. "I'm so tired. I'm not sure I want to play tomorrow." I've since thought that Jack plays with such concentration, with such intensity, that he burns himself out after four rounds.

Anyway, it was simply the biggest day of my life, a bigger thrill even than winning on the tour later.





Jim Simons (above left) almost won the 1971 Open as a 21-year-old amateur paired with Nicklaus (above right) in the fourth round. USGA President Phil Strubing stands between them. Simons (right) reacts in exultant fashion to one of six birdies he made in the third round to set up a startling 65 and take the lead.

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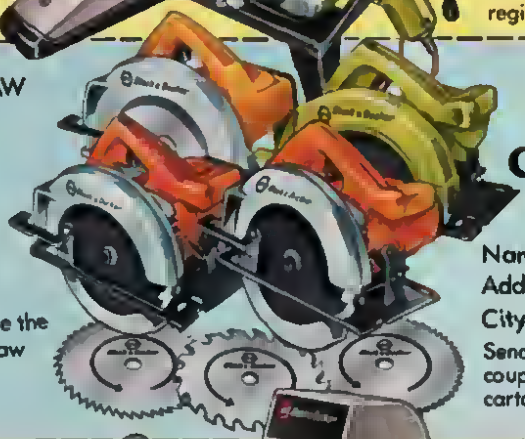
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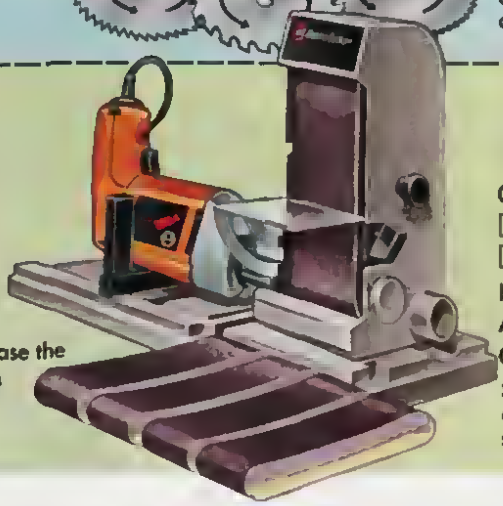
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What deteriorates . . is the short game, from 40 yards in. It's not so much age as it is a lack of practice. When you've very successful there are terrific demaads on your time and so you don't practice chipping and putting for hours. Heck, I wish I didn't have any time to practice. If I've got a lot of time, I'm in trouble.

I thought I could wnn at Merion from the first time I saw the course. The rough was very tough and it required exceptional accuracy off the tee. But I was able to use my driver on most of those short holes while other players were going at it with irons. So I was hitting short wons and wedges into greens and a lot of guys were using 5 and 6 irons. You can make that little course into a monster if you lay up off the tees.

I enjoy playing Merion. I especially enjoy playing a course I've already won on. There's no leeway for gripiag if you've already won there. How can you psych yourself out?

I remember the noise when a kid fell off the scoreboard just as I was getting set to putt for a four on the last hole on Sunday. I tned to tell myself, "It doesn't matter. You weren't ready to putt anyway." But then I missed the putt.

I never told the true story about the rubber snake at the playoff. They said I was trying to psych Jack out. That's crazy. It was an [illegible]. My 5-year-old daughter Linda bought the snake at a zoo during the Colonial Tournament in Fort Worth. I put it in my golf bag and fooled around with it during practice rounds.

We were watting to start the playoff. I was nervous, and my hands were sweating so badly that I decided to change my glove. I reached into a compartment of my bag for a glove and while I was fumbling around the snake came halfway out of the bag. Nicklaus saw what I was doing and said, "What in the world is that?" I said, "It's my snake." He said, "Let me see that thing," so I flipped it over to him.

I bogeyed the first hole, but when he left the ball in the buakers on both the 2nd and 3rd, I thought, "Hey, he may be as scared as I am."

You know the good Lord gave Jack Nicklaus everything, aad I meaa everything, except a wedge. If He had given him that, the rest of us might never have won aay tournaments.

by FRANK HANNIGAN



Lee Trevino (below), the U.S. Open champion in 1968, holed out for a 68 in the playoff in '71 to win the Open for a second time. He beat Jack Nicklaus, who failed to get out of bunkers on the second and third holes. Here the popular Lee joyously enacts one of the game of golf's favorite rituals—the long-distance cap throw by the winner.

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by Ron Fimrite

Hitters don't gopher Greg

San Francisco Reliever Greg Minton hasn't thrown a home run ball in 212 innings, an other-worldly performance that has nothing to do with his nickname, Moon Man

To his teammates on the San Francisco Giants, Relief Pitcher Greg Minton is Moon Man or Moonie. Minton, good-natured sort that he is, accepts their characterization with only one disclaimer: "I don't do things the same way other people do, but things come out the same anyway." Ah, yes. When Minton dives into a swimming pool, it may be from an apartment-house balcony. When he decides to skateboard, it could well be down the Great White Way. And when he goes courting. . . But that's a story for later.

It is only fitting then, that a man such as this, who developed his strong right arm shying avocados at swallows, should be in hot pursuit of a record hardly anyone knows or cares about, or can keep track of. After pitching two scoreless relief innings against the Houston Astros last Saturday, Minton had gone 212 innings without allowing a home run. The last batter to take Moon Man to, well, the moon, was the last one he faced in the 1978 season, Joe Ferguson of the Dodgers. The record for consecutive homerless innings is believed to be held by Dale Murray of Montreal, who went 247⅓ from Aug. 18, 1974 to Aug. 20, 1976, when Bobby Murcer, then of the Giants, hit one out. One must say "believed to be" because records of such accomplishments were loosely kept until after World War II, and then none too diligently. It is known, though, that Eppa Rixey of the Reds holds the all-time record for the best homers-to-innings ratio in a 200-plus inning season—one in 301 in 1921. Not bad, but homers weren't flying out of the ball parks 50 years ago the way they are today.

Minton has gone the equivalent of a starter's whole season without throwing a gopher ball. Consider that last year in the National League, Don Sutton, a pretty fair pitcher, allowed 20 homers in 212 innings while his teammate, Burt Hooton, gave up 22 in 207; that Bert Blyleven, then of Pittsburgh, surrendered 20 in 217; that Montreal's Scott Sanderson yielded 18 in 211; and that Lynn McGlothen of the Cubs gave up 24 in 182 and Larry McWilliams of Atlanta 27 in 164.

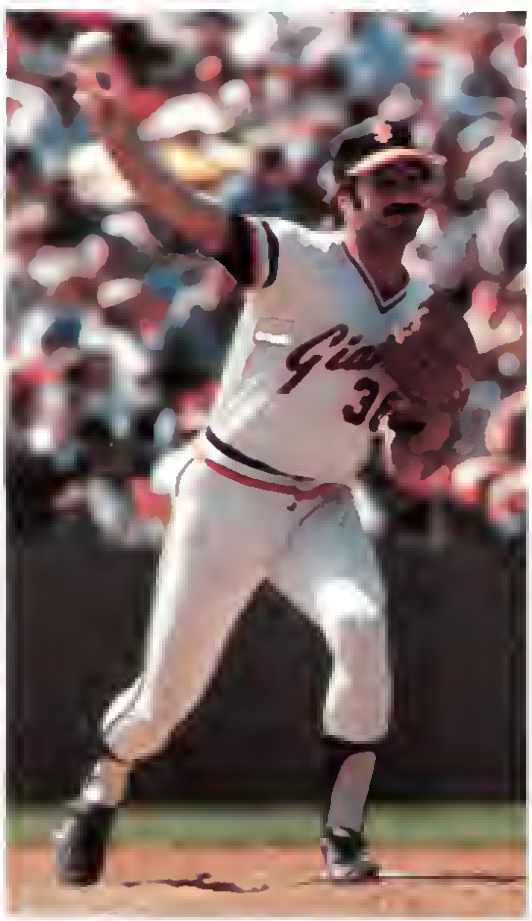
Batters do not hit homers off Minton because he throws a devastating hard sinker, a pitch that attains speeds up to 92 mph, then drops abruptly as it reaches the plate. "You're seeing only the top half of the ball," says Giants Pitching Coach Don McMahon. "It's hard to get under a pitch like that. No one I've seen can throw a sinker as hard as he can."

"If anyone in this league can get away with one pitch," says San Francisco Third Baseman Darrell Evans, "it's [Bruce] Sutter and Moonie. He's as good as anybody. You talk to guys on other teams and they don't want to face him. The only time he'll get beat is with a ground ball through the hole."

Accident has always played a big role in Minton's sometimes chaotic life, and so it was that a crippling injury in spring training of 1979 delivered unto him this extraordinary pitch. "Before, I had a high leg kick and a big stride," he says. "I threw a curve and a slider and a fastball that was straight as an arrow. But I tore cartilage in my knee that spring and was out five and a half weeks. When I came back, I cut down on the kick and shortened the stride to take pressure off my knee. I was just warming up one day with [Giant Catcher] Mike Sadek when he stopped me and said, 'Hey, what're you doing? The damn ball's sinking.'" Minton had no idea what he was doing, but he's been doing it ever since. He suspects that the shorter stride has caused him to hasten his arm's downward plunge, thus adding the sort of spin he used to get in his Southern California boyhood tossing avocados. But he isn't sure, and he doesn't really care. Right now, the sinker is virtually his only pitch. "I might go three weeks without throwing a breaking ball," he says. "By now most hitters know what's coming, but when I'm throwing 90 miles an hour or more, they have to commit their hands, and once that happens, they can't get under the ball. So, no homers."

Minton hasn't allowed a homer or much of anything else the last few seasons. He had 19 saves and a 2.47 ERA in 68 appearances last year, his first working exclusively in late-inning relief, and a 1.80 ERA in 46 appearances in 1979. When he took the Giants to salary ar-

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bitration before this season, they had little to use against Minton except his relatively low strikeout totals—42 in 91 innings last year. But that was enough, apparently, to give the team the win. Minton had to settle for a 130% salary increase, to $180,000 a season compared with the $265,000 he had sought. Jokes Minton, "I knew I was in trouble when the arbitrator asked what we meant by such symbols as IP, BB and ERA."

Infuriated by what he considered to be a bad strikeout rap, he went into spring training this year determined to show the Giants he was another Goose Gossage. The results were initially disastrous. He even allowed a home run—to the Dodgers' Steve Yeager. Minton returned to the sinker when the season began and by the end of last week was leading the league in appearances (25) and saves (nine) in addition to his 2–2 record and 3.60 ERA.

Minton is no overnight sensation. He spent nine years mostly in the minors, passing the time by riding inner tubes down rivers and, on one regrettable occasion, demonstrating his prowess at high diving. In 1972 he was partying with George Brett and some other San Jose teammates when he felt the urge to take a dip in the pool outside. Unfortunately, the party was being held on the second story of an apartment building. Undeterred, Minton set aside his drink, stepped onto the balcony and executed a perfect swan. He was in midflight, he recalls, when out of the corner of his eye he observed that he was headed for the shallow end of the pool. "I saw a three, not a six," he says. "I woke up the next day in the hospital with 12 stitches in my head."

These were not the escapades that won him his nickname, however. It was given him by Rocky Bridges, his manager in Phoenix, who, through some celestial confusion, decided that a youngster who looked as starry-eyed as Minton did in those days should be called Moon Man. "At first I tried getting rid of it," Minton says, "but it just fit too good."

Minton became a reliever, predictably, by accident. Scheduled to be optioned to the minors for the third and final time by San Francisco in 1979, he was reprieved when Reliever Randy Moffitt fell ill with a rare stomach disorder. For Minton it was relieve or be frozen in the minors (the team cannot recall a player optioned out three times), and as he says, "You make the mental adjustment pretty quick under those circumstances." He allowed six earned runs in his first 45 innings and was in the bigs to stay.

Minton says he was sustained through his long years of apprenticeship by his wife, Suzie. Their first meeting was vintage Moon Man. He and Suzie were born eight hours apart on July 29 and 30, 1951—she in New York City, he in Lubbock, Texas. "I'm older, but she's more mature," he says. They met at San Dieguito High School near San Diego, Minton having moved from the sandstorms of the Texas South Plains to the beaches of Southern California at age 2½. He was first attracted, however, to Suzie's identical twin sister, Linda, whom he slavishly trailed around the campus. During a school variety show he spotted a chance to make his move at last. As the lights dimmed, he reached out to hold her hand and was happily surprised to discover that the girl did not fend him off as he had expected. It was the beginning of a great romance, only, you guessed it, the hand-holder was not Linda but Suzie. They were married shortly after graduation. Mr. and Mrs. Moon Man have three children and live in suburban San Ramon, across the Bay and over the hills from Candlestick. Suzie condones and occasionally participates in some of Minton's many pursuits—snorkeling, deep-sea fishing, skateboarding, camping, dirt biking. He next anticipates taking up sky diving, probably without Suzie. "She has some sanity," Minton says.

As for himself, Minton concludes, "I have absolutely no complaints about my first 30 years in this world."

THE WEEK

(May 25-31)

by HERM WEISKOPF

AL EAST Hordes of Indian fans wore buttons saying, NEW YORK'S THE BIG APPLE, BUT CLEVELAND'S A PLUM. It was all part of Plum Week, a promotional gimmick conjured up by *The Plain Dealer*. Alas, the week started off like a lemon, the Tribe (2–4) plummeting from second place to fourth after 5–2 and 1–0 losses to the Yankees. Goose Gossage picked up his 12th and 13th saves in those games for New York (2–4). Both victories went to newcomers—Dave Righetti, 22, in the first game and Gene Nelson, 20, in the second. Nelson is the youngest big-leaguer, born 32 days after the Dodgers' Fernando Valenzuela.

In his other start, Nelson was a 6–4 loser to the Orioles (4–2), largely because Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver "checked many reports before the game and decided he was not a power pitcher." Weaver also knew that his own Terry Crowley "is one of the best breaking-ball hitters in baseball." Despite being in a slump, Crowley was the Oriole DH against Nelson and had two homers and four RBIs. With two out in the ninth and an 0–2 count on lefthand-hitting Dave Revering of the Yanks, Reliever Sammy Stewart—an ambidextrous and fun-loving sort—took his glove off his left hand and put it on his right. Startled by Stewart's apparent intention to pitch lefthanded, Revering stepped out of the batter's box. When he stepped back in, Stewart put his glove back on his left hand and, on the next pitch, closed out his 4⅓ innings of shutout work by getting Revering on an easy pop up.

Crowley gave first-place Baltimore a 6–5 victory over New York the next night when he singled in the tie-breaking run in the ninth. That win was set up by Doug DeCinces, who slugged two homers and drove in four runs. DeCinces also backed up Jim Palmer's five-hit, 10–1 defeat of the Yankees with a two-homer, five-RBI performance. Included in that barrage was Mark Belanger's first home run since September 1977. The Orioles then upended the Tigers 6–5 as DeCinces hit his seventh four-bagger in seven games.

Reliever Mark Clear of the Red Sox (3–3) struck out 11 batters in 7⅔ innings while getting his fifth, sixth and seventh wins without a loss. A three-run homer by Dwight Evans closed out a five-run outburst in the last of the ninth for Boston to even the score with Milwaukee at 6–6. Dave Stapleton finished off the Brewers 7–6 by singling in the 10th. Jerry Remy, who leads the league with a .358 average, contributed to that victory with his eighth bunt single of the season. Earlier, Carl Yastrzemski became the fourth player to appear in 3,000 games.

Ted Simmons of the Brewers (5–2), who started the week batting .177, walloped a two-run homer in the ninth to knock off the Red Sox 5–4. Another round-tripper by Simmons and a grand slam by Roy Howell made Mike Caldwell a 7–1 winner over Detroit. A pair of six-hitters by Jack Morris of the Tigers (3–4) helped defeat the Brewers 12–3 and the Orioles 4–1. That gave Morris five straight complete-game wins and a 7–3 record.

John Mayberry and Roy Lee Jackson enabled the Blue Jays (4–2) to build a four-game winning streak. Mayberry homered as Dave Stieb beat California 3–1. He hit two over-the-fence shots and had five RBIs as Toronto jolted Oakland 6–5. Jackson got a win and a save in relief, yielding only one run in 8⅔ innings.

BALT 28–16 MIL 27–19 CLEV 23–17 NY 25–20 BOS 25–21 DET 23–24 TOR 16–32

continued



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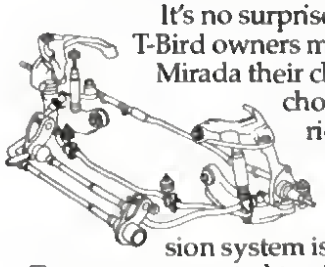
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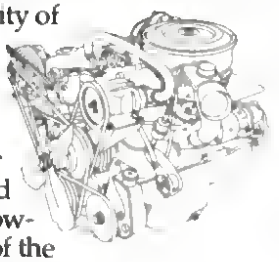


It's no surprise that T-Bird owners made Mirada their clear choice for riding comfort. The suspension system is unique. Transverse mounted torsion bar front springs—located ahead of the front wheels and rubber mounted — isolate the shock of bumps and pot holes from the car. You'll appreciate how little fatigue and tension you feel after a long day's drive.

Concern with human physiology is as much a part of Chrysler engineering as is the geometry of a car's suspension. Mirada's driver oriented interior provides bucket seats contoured to hold you comfortably for hour after hour behind the wheel.

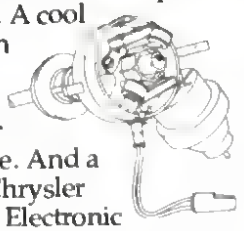
Mirada's overall driving ease and cornering ability, as well, were rated over Thunderbird's. Power assisted recirculating ball steering gives you sensitive control. You never lose the intimate "feel" of the road that epitomizes the well-mannered road car.

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A majority of Thunderbird owners chose Mirada for pickup and passing power. Much of the credit must go to Chrysler's standard Slant-Six engine, a proven design with countless refinements in its lifetime.

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†Sticker price excluding taxes and destination charges. ††These options may require the purchase of additional optional equipment.

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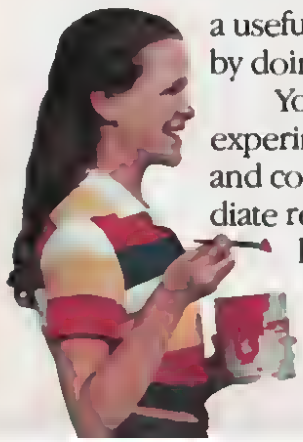


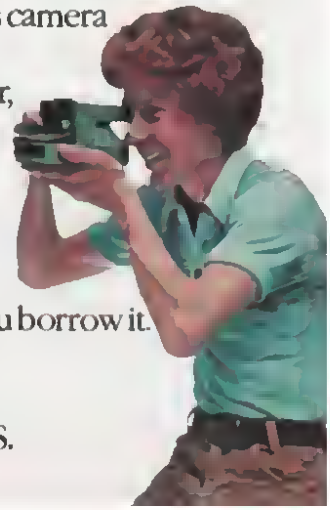
For their efforts, they're rewarded not only with a beautiful instant picture, but with a sense of enduring accomplishment.

Besides nurturing creative instincts, The Button also develops social ones. It encourages kids to share. By showing them how to look at things from different perspectives, it even helps give them a better understanding of themselves and their friends.

And every parent will appreciate the fact that for all the enrichment it provides, this camera is inexpensive.

There is, however, one more reason to watch your kids develop with The Button. If you're on your best behavior, they just might let you borrow it.





The Button from Polaroid.
The instant camera that develops kids.

AL WEST Although languishing in sixth place, the Mariners (4–3) had some fun. Especially Lenny Randle, Julio Cruz and Gary Gray. When Amos Otis of the Royals topped a ball toward Randle, the third baseman knew his only hope was for the ball to go foul. So he got down on his hands and knees and tried to blow the ball across the foul line. Although the ball did roll foul, the umps ruled it a hit because of Randle's head's-down play. "I didn't blow it," Randle insisted. "I was just talking to the ball, 'Go foul. Go foul.' The Bird [Mark Fidrych] used to talk to the ball." Cruz, struggling to get his average up to .200, wore cotton in his ears on Monday to drown out the fans' boos. By week's end, the cotton was gone and Cruz' .429 spree had raised his average to .213. Cruz also stole six bases, giving him 30 in a row since he was last caught late last season. Gray, obtained in the off-season from the Mexican League for $25,000, came to Seattle with a lifetime average of .203, four homers and 11 RBIs in 62 games. Last Monday, Gray's pair of two-run homers decked K.C. 7–1. His hitting last week fattened his stats to 22 RBIs, 10 home runs and .299.

On the less happy A's (2–4), the least happy fella was Manager Billy Martin, who drew an indefinite suspension and undisclosed fine for bumping Umpire Terry Cooney and throwing handfuls of dirt at him.

Meanwhile, Chicago (*page 20*) and Texas (4–3) closed in on first place. Ranger Doc Medich improved his career record against Seattle to 9–0 with a 6–0 four-hitter, and Bill Stein set a league mark with his seventh straight pinch hit, it beat Minnesota 4–3. Gene Mauch replaced Jim Fregosi as skipper of the Angels (2–4) in a week in which Mike Witt, a 6′ 7″ rookie righthander, defeated Toronto 2–1 and Chicago 7–4. Dan Quisenberry, who had been ineffective all season, got three saves for the Royals (4–3).

When it rains, it pours: While the last-place Twins (2–5) were blowing a 5–0 lead and losing to the Royals 6–5, the game was delayed because the sprinklers at Metropolitan Stadium came on and soaked the infield.

OAK 31–20 CHI 26–17 TEX 26–19 CAL 23–27
KC 15–25 SEA 17–30 MINN 14–32

NL EAST Reliever Mark Littell of St. Louis (1–5) seemed ready to bedevil hitters again. Littell, out most of last season following elbow surgery, got his first save of 1981 with four strong innings during an 11–4 victory in Philadelphia. Littell also picked up his first big league hit by ending a 0-for-22 drought with a single. (He spent two seasons and part of two others with K.C. in the American League, whose DH rule has made pitchers nonhitters.)

Sparky Lyle of the Phillies (3–3), another transplanted AL reliever, got his first hit since 1972 in the same game. Philadelphia moved into first place for the first time since April 19. Lonnie Smith singled in the ninth to help down New York 7–5. Dick Davis had five RBIs during a 10–2 wipeout of the Cardinals and Steve Carlton won his eighth game without a loss by stopping St. Louis 6–1 on Sunday. But Right Fielder Bake McBride underwent surgery on his left knee and was put on the disabled list.

Joel Youngblood of New York (4–2), who was hitting .361, was sidelined for a few days with back spasms. Still, the Mets hit .281 and upped their team average to .263, third-best in the league. Rookie Mookie Wilson batted .478 and Dave Kingman hit five homers and had 12 RBIs.

Although Centerfielder Andre Dawson was sidelined most of the week with a pulled muscle, the Expos (5–1) perked up. Two wins went to Steve Rogers and three saves to Bill Lee.

The Cubs, bless 'em, made it 10—count 'em, 10—victories on the season by drubbing New York 10–3. Previously, Chicago (2–5) overcame Pittsburgh's 8–0 lead in the fourth and won 10–9 in 11 innings when Leon Durham singled, stole second and scored on Scot Thompson's single. There seemed to be a hex on East Division outfielders, the Cubs losing Steve Henderson for 15 days with an injured right hand and Durham for a week or more with a pulled hamstring in his right leg.

Fine pitching by Kent Tekulve, Pascual Perez and Rick Rhoden buoyed the Pirates (4–3). Tekulve ended a personal 10-game losing streak by stopping Chicago 6–4 in relief. Perez beat the Cubs 3–2. And Rhoden ran his record to 6–0 by defeating the Expos 3–2.

PHIL 27–19 MONT 26–19 ST.L 23–17
PITT 20–20 NY 15–27 CHI 10–33

NL WEST Off to one of his best starts ever, Johnny Bench raised his average to .343 with two hits in a 7–4 Cincinnati victory over San Francisco. Gone with the win, though, was Bench, who fractured his left ankle sliding into second base. The Reds (4–2) had other woes. Dave Collins fumed when the club fined him $50 for tossing a ball to a fan in the stands. Dan Driessen was fined $100 for missing a team flight and, upset because Bench, before he was hurt, had bumped him out of his job at first base, asked to be traded. And a game in which the Reds had a 6–0 third-inning lead over the Giants was rained out. George Foster, who had a three-run homer washed out, helped his team gain ground on the first-place Dodgers by slugging three home runs that counted and driving in 10 runs.

"It was a pretty good circus, wasn't it?" said Vern Ruhle, who was credited with a save when the Astros (4–2) beat the Giants 9–8 in a 14-inning game that P.T. Barnum would have loved. It was a three-ring affair. 11 pitchers (six of them Astros) were guilty of such misdemeanors as two wild pitches, a balk and a hit batsman; the fielders made nine errors, three by Houston Shortstop Craig Reynolds, who had committed only one all season; and the batters pounded out 32 hits, 21 by the winners. There was also a sideshow. The Astros thought they had victory in hand after scoring three times in the 13th, but they lost their lead in the bottom of the inning when Umpire Frank Pulli mistakenly ruled that a drive by Milt May of the Giants had cleared the fence in right before caroming back onto the field. Thus, May was given a three-run homer, and it remained for Terry Puhl to drive in the decisive run in the 14th. And what good is a circus without a clown? That would be Joaquin Andujar, who won despite giving up May's homer, the first off Houston pitching in 17 games. Instead of taking a customary victory drink, Andujar poured a gallon of milk over his head. Houston also beat San Diego on successive 1–0 shutouts—first by Nolan Ryan, with relief aid from Joe Sambito, and then by Bob Knepper. Knepper's fourth shutout of the year reduced his ERA to 1.03.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

GARY MATTHEWS: The Philadelphia leftfielder, who was picked up in a trade with Atlanta two weeks before the season got under way, batted .600, drove across seven runs, slammed four doubles and scored three times.

Fernando Valenzuela's ERA continued to rise, reaching 1.88 after he was shelled for seven runs in 3⅔ innings during a 9–4 loss in Atlanta (3–3). Gaylord Perry helped finish off the Dodger lefty with a two-run single and achieved his 293rd career win. With Claudell Washington nursing a sore foot, Terry Harper took his place in rightfield and homered in the ninth to down the Dodgers 3–2.

Pedro Guerrero of Los Angeles (3–3) was also an able replacement. When Ken Landreaux came down with the flu, Guerrero filled in at center, made two superb catches, homered and had four RBIs during a 5–2 victory over the Reds.

After losing two fly balls in the lights and going 0 for 3 at the plate, Rightfielder Jack Clark of the Giants (2–4) got his act together. In the top of the eighth, Clark leaped above the wall to take a home run away from the Astros' Jose Cruz. Clark then singled home the tie-breaking run in the bottom of the inning to make Vida Blue a 3–1 winner.

San Diego (2–4) went 27 innings without scoring, 35 innings without an extra-base hit and all week without a homer. But on Saturday, the Padres breezed past the Braves 11–1, rapping out 18 hits.

LA 33–15 CIN 27–20 SF 25–25
HOUS 24–24 ATL 22–23 SD 19–29

by Jule Campbell

That new soft shoe

Even on the golf course, fashions change. Gone are the plus-fours, the argyles, the heavy tweeds. Traditional golfing footwear, those heavy serviceable shoes with the little "kilties" on the front may well be next. On fairways and greens around the country, many golfers now are wearing lightweight, flexible shoes that appear to have just trotted in off a jogging path. According to Pro-Shu Vice-President Warren Gittlen, "Golfers of all ages wear them, the older ones for comfort, the younger ones for the look." Here's a sampler as observed at the Sands Point (N.Y.) Golf Club.





Mark Donovan, a writer for "People," tries body English on the ball. His Pro-Shu Joggers are quilt-lined ($47).





New York lawyer Ken Steinthal gets a grip on the grass in suede-and-nylon Etonics with "foot-cradle" support ($48).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN





Polly (Mrs. Ben) Crenshaw smiles for a birdie in an outfit by Geoffrey Beene and shoes from Endicott Johnson ($40)

Steadied by a pair of Endicott Johnson suedes ($44), Mark studies his putt His clothes are from Polo by Ralph Lauren

Ken could kick himself with his Green-Joys ($45) as the ball rims out His cords and sweater are Polo by Ralph Lauren



Polly's on the green and in the pink, a skirt and top by Leon Levin. Her waterproof Green-Joys have crepe soles ($43).







by Jack McCallum



Robinson beats Enyeart with a blazing 1 44 63

Or no pub is the rub, but Robinson's 800 at Villanova may increase the ink

Fame's elusive for James

James Robinson has been boxed in much of the last seven years—not on the track but off it. Since 1974 he's made two U.S. Olympic teams, been ranked lower than fourth in the U.S. in the 800 meters only once, and during the last few years been among the top five in the world. With three straight victories in TAC (formerly AAU) outdoor meets, Robinson has been "America's champion" in the 800 since 1978. Despite his credentials, he hasn't caught on with the public like fellow Americans Rick Wohlhuter (early in Robinson's career) and Don Paige (recently), or Sebastian Coe and Steve Ovett of Great Britain, Mike Boit of Kenya and Montreal Olympic hero Alberto Juantorena of Cuba. "Everyone in Europe knows James," says Robinson's coach, Dr. Proverb Jacobs, "but over here nobody even knows his name." Perhaps Robinson should trade monikers with his coach.

But the 26-year-old Robinson, a senior at Berkeley, may finally be getting some ink. Last Saturday in the Jumbo Elliott Invitational at Villanova, Robinson ran a 1:44.63—the fastest 800 in the world this season—to beat a field that included Boit and two top American half-milers, Mark Enyeart of the Pacific Coast Club and Billy Martin of Athletics West. Paige was at Villanova helping organize the meet, which was held in memory of his college coach, who died March 22, but he wasn't yet in shape to race, following ankle and knee injuries. Had he been, and had he competed, the 800 might have been even faster, though Robinson suspects that it might then have turned into a tactical race.

Be that as it may, Robinson's unexpectedly fast time will undoubtedly be noticed by Coe and Ovett, whom Robinson will meet this summer in Europe, and somewhere out there is Juantorena, who has been plagued by an endless succession of injuries for the past two years but has been announced as a competitor in the Brooks Invitational in Berkeley on June 13. Robinson will be there, and so possibly will the 32-year-old Boit, who had beaten Robinson in the Bruce Jenner Classic and the UCLA-Pepsi Invitational this year.

That Robinson broke Boit's three-meet outdoor winning streak (Boit had also won the 800 at the Drake Relays) wasn't that surprising—since he first broke through and beat Boit at the 1978 UCLA-Pepsi Invitational, Robinson has gone on to defeat the Kenyan in five of 10 meetings. But so good a time so early in the season startled Robinson himself. "I knew I was strong enough to run maybe a 1:45.5 or 1:45.8 because I was coming off a 1:46 against Boit in the Pepsi. [Boit won that 800 four weeks ago in Los Angeles in 1:45.43.] But for me to run this fast this early, it's got to be the strength work I've been doing." And also a consequence of added incentive.

The 800 at Villanova was part of the new Mobil Grand Prix setup, which will award prize money to the track clubs of season leaders in 15 events. That could mean $2,500 to the heretofore barren coffers of Robinson's Inner-City Athletic Club in Oakland. Originated in 1977 by Jacobs, a former NFL (Eagles, Giants) and AFL (Titans, Raiders) offensive and defensive tackle, the club has existed pretty much as a showcase for Robinson. "We could really use that $2,500," Robinson says. "We have no sponsors. I usually get my transportation fees paid by the meet promoters, but the other guys usually have to pay their own way." At one time sprinters Mike Farmer and Mark Kent and half-milers Rich Nichols and Lloyd Johnson, among others, have all been members, but now Robinson's only teammate is Farmer.

While Robinson was earning the Outstanding Male Performer award, other outstanding males provided the crowd of 9,200 with more predictable races, Edwin Moses and Steve Scott turning in their usual sun-rises-in-the-East performances in the intermediate hurdles and the mile, respectively. It was Moses' first outdoor race in the Northeast since 1976. The next day he left for New York City to tape a segment on the *Kids Are People Too* series for ABC. Kids may be mere people, but Moses is surely a superhero. He slipped on the dark shades, ran his perfect and elegant 13 strides between hurdles, and hit the tape in 48.65 for his 61st consecutive win. "Nobody really paid much attention to the streak when it was in the 40s," said Moses. "I

continued



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think the World Cup in 1979 [in Montreal] was when it really caught on. Sure, I know I'm the man to beat whenever I go out there. Everybody knows if they do it, it's instant fame and fortune. Well, maybe not fortune, but fame."

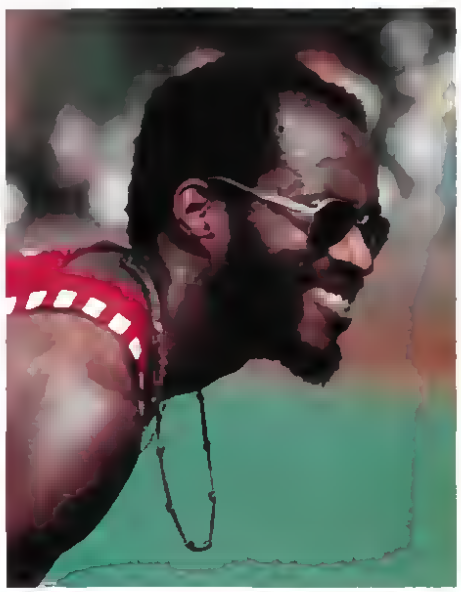
The degree of Moses' domination was dramatized by the fact that second-place finisher James Walker, ranked second in the U.S. and third in the world last year, was almost two seconds back. One wonders how long Moses can keep his motivation. "I simply love the sport, and I love the things I get out of the sport that other people don't appreciate enough to extract," he said. "It's not just running track meets. It's meeting different people all over the world, doing different things. It's a life-style I really don't want to give up on." For the first time, Moses was also talking seriously of trying another event, probably the 400 meters. "I could run a low 44, I'm sure, with the right concentrated program," he said. Because the world record set in 1968 by Lee Evans is 43.86, Moses' point was obvious: he could dominate the world in that event, too.

Steve Scott's mile victory was another near miss of Jim Ryun's American record of 3:51.1. With John Walker, Eamonn Coghlan and the crowd favorite, Sydney Maree, a Villanova graduate, in the field, there was some hope the record would be broken, but the day was hot and humid and rabbit John Hunter set too slow a pace.

Scott overtook Maree and beat him by a yard, in 3:52.26, the fastest mile ever run on the East Coast but short of Scott's personal best of 3:51.11. Scott's last quarter was a 52.9, one of his best ever. "It's a good thing they didn't run any faster," said Walker, who finished third in 3:55.89, "or I'd have been out the back door." With about 150 meters left, Maree was still slightly ahead of Scott and "thought I had him. But with about 55 meters to go I saw Steve's knee show up and I knew it would be neck and neck to the finish." Scott caught Maree in the final 20 meters.

"It [a 3:51 clocking] isn't really a mental barrier," said Scott, "I'm shooting for 3:50, not 3:51. I'm sure it'll come this year." Most likely it will come when Scott meets Ovett, the world-record holder (3:48.8), and Coe in Europe. "Wherever they are," said Scott, "that's where I'll be."

Ditto Robinson. And if he can run the kind of race he did Saturday, Coe and Ovett could be surprised. Robinson was next to last in the eight-man field after one lap, which ended with Boit on top in 51.7 seconds. That wasn't unusual, because Boit and Robinson often run the same way—the former grabbing the lead and trying to hold it, the latter staying back and saving his strength for the final turn and the home stretch. Said Boit, "I felt very stiff over the first 200 meters, which were really a struggle. After one lap I was real relaxed, but with 200 meters left I started to slow down." And Robinson started to speed up. He overhauled Boit with 70 meters left and won by a stride over the fast-closing Enyeart, who passed Boit to finish second in 1:44.93. Though it was hidden under his sunny smile, Boit (1:45.32) was deeply disappointed with his inability to hold the lead, so disappointed that he arranged a berth on a pickup team in the 4 x 400-meter relay "to work on my speed." His club finished sixth among eight teams, but he was happy with what he estimated as a 46.8 or 46.9 anchor leg.



Moses' intermediate hurdles win streak now stands at 61.

Robinson also ran on Boit's relay team, just as Proverb Jacobs would have wanted him to. "He pushes me a lot," said Robinson good-naturedly. "I run some mile races early in the season just to keep him off my back. He'd like to see me break four minutes, but I'm not that interested in it. The mile's too long, man." Robinson could probably go under four minutes with the proper training; 2½ months ago he won a 1,500 in 3:47.2 in a dual meet against Cal-Poly San Luis Obispo (which converts to a 4:05.4 mile). Actually, Robinson is versatile enough to make his mark in several events. He started off as a 600-yard runner in junior high school, he ran the mile and two mile at Oakland's McClymonds High School (which produced Bill Russell and Frank Robinson, among other outstanding athletes) and didn't switch to the half mile until his senior year in 1973, when he took second place in the state meet.

After high school, Robinson went to Laney College in Oakland, where Jacobs was then coaching. Laney no longer has a track program but Robinson and Jacobs have been together since. "I have to think that's one of the reasons James has stayed with it so well," says Jacobs. "We've been in communication all the time. Eight years. A lot of athletes change locales, change coaches, change training schedules and they lose interest. But we've kept it together."

After Robinson enrolled at Cal in 1975 he often trained at Laney with Jacobs. He finished second in the 1976 Olympic Trials, but at Montreal he finished fifth in a heat and missed making the finals by less than a tenth of a second. Robinson dropped out of school in 1977 and worked as a coach at Laney and McClymonds but continued to train with Jacobs. It was back to college full time two years ago and he now needs just four courses to graduate with a degree in social sciences.

"James knows exactly what he has to do and what he wants to do," says Jacobs. "He's been around a while, but I've always felt a runner should peak between 26 and 30. We're just beginning to reap the fruit from all the work." Robinson agrees. "I'd like to keep running close to the American record [Wohlhuter's 1:43.9, set in 1974] and maybe get it by August," he said. "I don't want to put it off much longer. What keeps me going is my goals. I know right now, for example, that I am going to be right there for the '84 Olympics in Los Angeles." And by that time Robinson should be out of his box. **END**

by Curry Kirkpatrick

Mel Purcell, the country-slickar idol of the tour's most frenzied groupies, is well on his way to locking up a spot at the top of the sport. Last week he wowed 'am in Paree

Not many escape the Cell

They arrived in Tampa on spring break from college. They came to Memphis by the busload. At the U.S. Open they appeared in the form of girls wearing T shirts with his name on the back. In Palm Springs, during a doubles match, an older one of them was so vociferous (read inebriated) that the normally mild-mannered Sherwood Stewart shoved the offender and had to be talked out of punching some manners into him.

This noisy, excitable breed of tennis follower has become known along the Grand Prix circuit as the "Mel Troop," a brazen cadre defined by tour player Peter Rennert as "usually 15 obnoxious people in the crowd who've never seen him play and are hooting their lungs out. There are always plenty of hicks wherever we go. Right away they get into Mel."

Country and western comes to big-time tennis.

The object of all this attention is Mel Purcell, a 5′ 10″, five-muscle, skin-and-bone waif with flaxen hair and a gap-toothed grin who appears to have momentarily left his pitchfork back in the barn. *Aw, shucks. Ah cain't git the hang of holdin' this here rackit. Do ah hit it ovah or through the dang fence?* But the look is all part of the act. When the match begins, the corn-pone con ends. With a long piece of graphite in his hand and a short piece of terry cloth around his forehead, this man is an assassin.



A Borg-like stoic on the court the Cell is not

Last week as the French Open got under way on the bronze dirt at Paris' Roland Garros Stadium, Purcell rubbed out three players, including 16th-seeded Eddie Dibbs, before losing to Jimmy Connors 6–4, 6–3, 7–6. Against Dibbs, one of the game's premier clay-courters and winner of the $500,000 WCT Tournament of Champions two weeks earlier, Purcell overcame a two-set deficit for the second time in the tournament. He won the three-hour match 3–6, 2–6, 6–4, 6–2, 6–3 despite cramping up in the final set.

Mel Purcell (pronounced in his hometown of Murray, Ky. just as it looks; mail-el pur-sail-el) arrived on the scene with the legacy of a loser. His dad, Bennie, a basketball All-America at Murray State in the early '50s, used to barnstorm with the old Washington Generals, the team that played pigeon for the Harlem Globetrotters. But last summer, after turning pro on the same day he turned 21, Mel became an immediate winner and all the rage on the clay by defeating Dibbs at Washington and Harold Solomon and Wojtek Fibak at Indianapolis, players who, Purcell said, he "idoled a few months before."

Later he adapted to faster surfaces and beat Stan Smith at Flushing Meadow. "Good gosh, Stan was *almost* my idol," Purcell said. His play earned him the Association of Tennis Professionals' 1980 Rookie of the Year award.

This year Purcell has come within 1.1 points of the Top 20 on the ATP computer. Besides Dibbs, he has knocked off two higher-ranked players—Johan Kriek in Philadelphia and John Sadri in Las Vegas—and advanced past the first round in all 12 tournaments he's entered, a statistic doubtless more impressive to the players themselves than to laymen. Currently he's No. 28 in the world.

It isn't Purcell's victories that have intrigued the masses so much as his speed and hustle and flair; the determination exemplified by his diving into courtside boxes and sprawling across the lines; the hot-dog zestiness manifest in his fist waving, arm raising and slapping of thighs; and his plain infectious enthusiasm for the battle. So what if he blatantly plays to the crowd, practically orchestrating applause? When is the last time anybody saw Bjorn Borg or John McEnroe even smile out there? This hick kid, this Mail-el Pur-sail-el, actually looks as if he's having *fun* on the tennis court.

Of course, Purcell isn't a hick. Though he has suffered the inevitable media comparisons with the Twainian characters of eternal boyhood, it should be pointed out that Tom and Huck didn't escape Injun Joe on athletic skill alone. Purcell is about as witless, shy, naive and unaware as a fox in a hen house.

As a teen-ager he left backwoods Kentucky to play tennis in Europe. He spent his last year of high school in Los An-

continued

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geles. He played college tennis for two different universities. One of Purcell's closest friends on the tour is show business' own—pause for sighs—Vince Van Patten, who has introduced him to Farrah and all the rest. One of Purcell's practice companions is Connors. His recent pro-celebrity partner in Vegas was the extremely legendary Sonny Bono. Talk about high cotton. *I got you, babe.* "This is the only thing I ever wanted to be," says Purcell. "Back in Kentucky they laughed at me, but I always worked hard and I knew I could get here. We all play this game to be rich and famous, don't we? Now people take pictures of me in hotel lobbies and stuff. It's almost enough to get carried away."

The work ethic had to sustain Purcell for a while because, outside of his blinding quickness and a forehand that he could crack with authority nearly from the time he took up the game at age five, there wasn't much else. In the juniors his serve was weak and his backhand nonexistent. He was ranked 12th in the U.S. in the 14-and-unders, 15th in the 16s and third in the 18s. Even after he had honed his game in California, practicing with the likes of Brian Teacher, Billy Martin and Eliot Teltscher, UCLA offered him only a partial scholarship. Insulted, Purcell turned it down. His emergence last summer, then, was truly out of nowhere—a fluke. Or was it?

"Mel wins matches because he tries so hard," says Teltscher, who thrashed him last summer in Boston 6–1, 6–3 in Purcell's first tournament as a pro, and then barely squeezed by him in three tough sets in Tokyo 3½ months later. "A lot of players subconsciously pace themselves during a match, give up games when they're down love–40 or 15–40. But Mel never stops scrapping. It bothers guys when he keeps trying and getting balls back. His competitiveness intimidates them. Plus he's got some wins now, and he's unbelievably confident. He thinks he can beat anybody. He improved immeasurably between Boston and the Orient. Now he's improved immeasurably again."

Competitiveness. It's no secret that on today's glamour- and money-laden tour few players below the top three will scratch and bite and go to the wall for the win, will, when they're down two sets to none on clay to Dibbs and cramping, *compete* to the last ball. Solomon is one. Teltscher is another. And, now, Purcell. "He has a lot of Connors in him," says Van Patten.



Mel's habit of playing linesmen isn't endearing to his opponents.

That's it, of course. The thigh-slaps. The toughness. The tenacity. The crowd-pleasing antics. Take away Connors' early-career nasty streaks and bathroom-wall humor, and the style is all Jimbo. It is, inevitably, Connors who was Purcell's real idol.

A first-round loss at a tournament in China last fall, says Purcell, "was the best thing that happened to me." It meant he could practice each morning with Connors, see him up close, observe his dedication. "At first I'd just try and keep the ball in play," Purcell says. "Then I figured that wasn't helping him, or me, either. So I hit out all the time, and we played points."

Connors and his longtime henchman, Lorne Kuhle, a teaching pro in Vegas, also broke in Purcell on the backgammon board and "barbecued" him on some practice-court wagers. Jimbo called the new kid "Ken Tuck." Once after Purcell lost a bet to Kuhle, who was getting the doubles alleys to even things up, he was so enraged he broke his racket over his knee, sending graphite splinters deep into his skin. "I learned my lesson," Purcell says.

He learned the game from his father, Bennie, who returned to Murray State in 1963 as assistant basketball coach. Three years later he also became head tennis coach. When Bennie took up tennis at 35, Mel and his older brother, Del, chased the balls. Mel and Del? *Now appearing live at the Lil' Dogie Cafe and Bowling Lanes, Mel and Del Purcell!*

Mel also inherited his father's devotion to all sports. Bennie has a collection of ancient sports journals and baseball cards worth more than $20,000. Mel is rabid for Notre Dame, the Tennessee Volunteers, the Yankees and any pro athlete within hailing distance. "Is that Franco Harris?" Purcell will gasp at, say, Caesars Palace. "Look, it's the Stork, Ted Hendricks!

"The other day I met some tennis celeb player named Hank Greenberg, who used to play baseball," says Purcell. "I told my dad on the phone, and he about went nuts."

When he was in the seventh grade, Purcell's mother, Betty, was hospitalized with an aneurysm. She has never really come home. "It kills me to talk about this," says Mel. After the discovery of his mother's illness, he mostly was on his own, traveling on planes to tournaments by himself, going to Europe, staying in California for a season "where it didn't snow once—amazing."

To get back near home and Bennie, who remains his only mentor, Purcell enrolled at Memphis State. Then a strange thing happened. Following an argument with his father, Purcell ran away from school to turn pro. That was a mistake. After getting defaulted for showing up late at a tournament, Purcell sat on a rock in the Utah mountains and decided

continued

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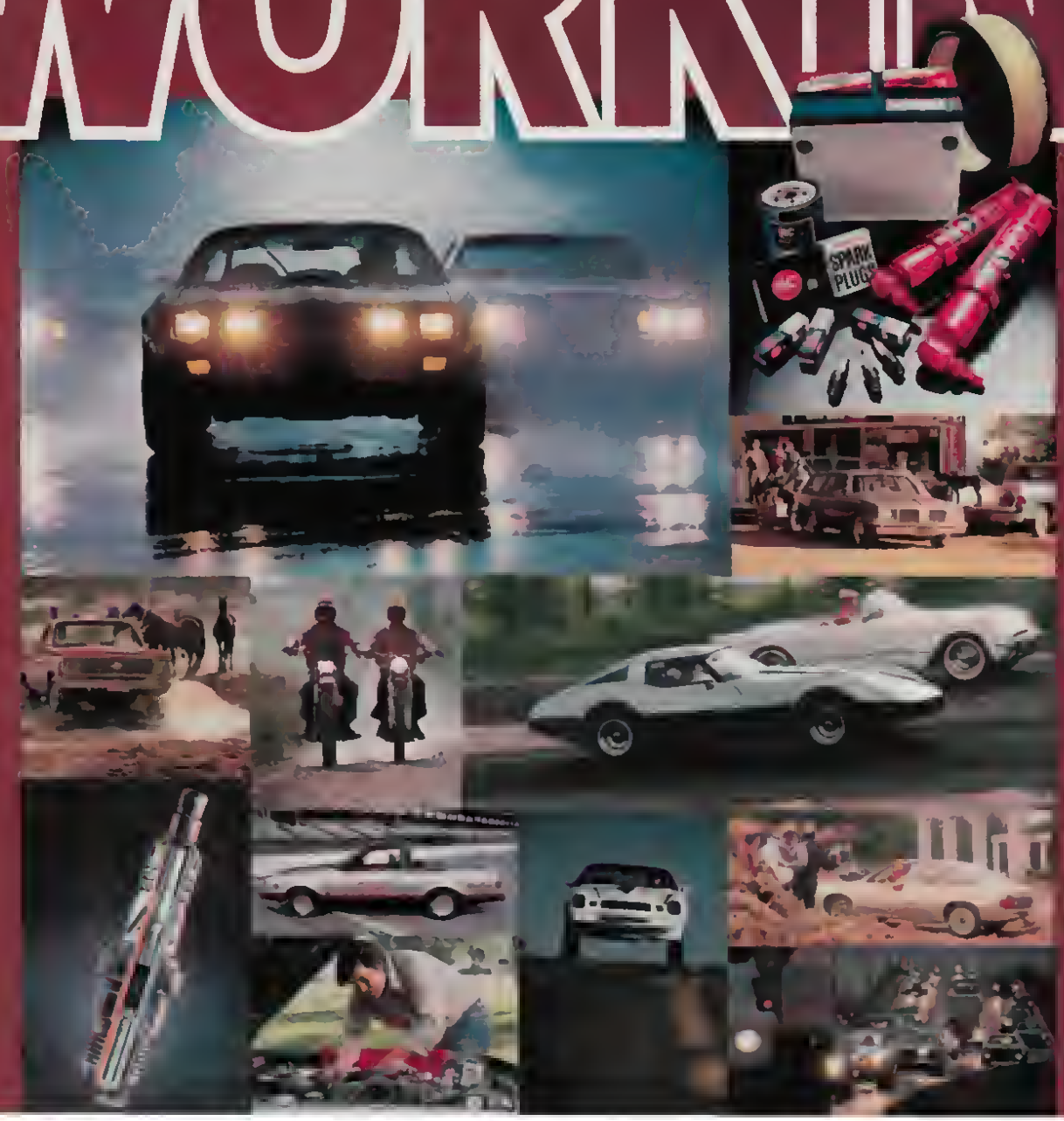
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to go back home. This time he transferred to Tennessee, had a reconciliation with Bennie, waited out a year, got "unmessed up and organized," was tagged with a nickname, "the Cell," and then, a year ago last May, won the NCAA doubles title with Rodney Harmon.

Because of his checkered college career—in the NCAA singles he won two *games* in a first-round defeat—and because most of the tennis community was in Europe at the time, nobody noticed early last summer when Purcell dominated the bramblebushes of the Penn Circuit in the suffocating 120° heat of places like Monroe, La. and Rockwell, Texas. But that experience prepared him for his golden moment in July at the U.S. Clay Courts in Indianapolis, where, he acknowledges, "I made my career in one tournament."

How? Go back a week to a tournament at North Conway, N.H. If his friend and doubles partner, Tracy DeLatte, closes out a match serving at 5–3, 40–0 in the third, Purcell has to stay in North Conway and never makes it to Indy for the qualifier. If Jay Lapidus holds on to a 6–1, 3–1 lead over Purcell in the qualifier at Indy, the Cell never makes it into the tournament proper. Neither of these things happens.

So Purcell beats Pascal Portes (who had beaten Connors two weeks before) 6–0, 3–0 (retired); beats Hank Pfister 6–4, 6–0; beats Solomon (who can't breathe in the stifling night heat) 4–6, 6–0, 6–2; beats Fibak (who's looking for the nearest air conditioner) 6–1, 6–3, and beats Mario Martinez (who?) 6–1, 6–3 to reach the finals. "Everybody was dropping in the heat, but I was used to it," says Purcell. "Like, I was an instant, uh, star, or whatever. It was what I'd always dreamed about. Every round more people on my side. Like, I was going to win the tournament! Then I got scared."

In the final Purcell blew two set points to Jose-Luis Clerc and lost 7–5, 6–3, but it didn't matter. His hellacious dashes to the outer boundaries; his corn-silk locks and outsize sleeves flopping every which way; his ultrawide headbands, meticulously scissored from hotel towels; the manner in which he enjoyed himself and fairly demanded the enjoyment of others: All this was enough to make a national TV audience recognize charisma when it saw it.

Some of Purcell's tour brethren are not yet convinced that his country-boy image and exuberant reactions are entirely spontaneous. "I don't buy the act," says Solomon. "Here I was dying in Indy, and he's got his arms up on every point. I mean, come on. Sometimes he takes his showboating beyond cockiness."

Another player says, "If Mel wants to get the crowd on his side, O.K. But there's a fine line out here. He must watch out that this need for attention doesn't cut into his relationship with the guys. Sometimes a player can tick off enough other players that they gang up, compare notes, and then all come out to watch and root for him to get beat."

Only recently has Purcell overcome the disastrous (for friendships) habit of calling his own lines, even in the presence of linesmen. He had a verbal run-in with Roscoe Tanner at San Francisco over this, and another in Japan during a close match with George Hardie.

Hardie: "One more line call and I'll kick your ass."

Purcell: "Sure. Come on over and this racket's in your face."

When Purcell gleefully danced up to the net to shake Sadri's hand after beating him six weeks ago in Las Vegas, the monster-serving North Carolinian who's known as "the Marine," refused, saying, "What are you, queer or something?"

"I guess I whipped you good," said the smiling Purcell, who walked away. Later he said, "If there had been a fight, I had two chances. Running. Or a gun."

If Purcell hasn't made a ton of friends on the tour yet, the players at least recognize that he's making friends *for* the tour. And his talent is unquestioned. Solomon speaks of Purcell's "alacrity" on court. "Tennis needs guys like him," says Solly. Smith is impressed with Purcell's "sense of where to hit the ball" and his "feel," especially with the Wilson Ultra racket, with which it's not easy to employ touch. Dick Stockton, his occasional doubles partner, says Purcell "makes such good contact. Not many guys get to all the balls he does. Fewer hit them in the middle of the racket. Borg mishits a lot. Raul Ramirez always mishits. This guy never seems to mishit."

Rennert, one of the young lions out of Stanford, says, "With some players you face, you say, 'Well, he's good but beatable.' Against others you just say, 'Geez, I hope I win.' A lot of people think they know how to play Purcell. But Mel fights all the time. If you have a bad day, you don't have a chance."



Vince Van Patten, Trey Waltke and Purcell check out the street wares in Rome's Piazza Navona

In March, Purcell won a $75,000 tournament in Tampa for his first Grand Prix championship, and it has taken players like Teacher, Brian Gottfried and Gene Mayer (twice) to knock him out of other tournaments. Purcell has gained penetration on his first serve, and while his second is still a patsy, he's quick enough to chase down the ferociously hit returns. In a three-set loss to Mayer in the semis at Denver this winter, Purcell also unveiled a newly developed flat passing shot off the backhand wing. Still, more often he loves to race around the backhand and nail his marvelous, whippy forehand to the far corner.

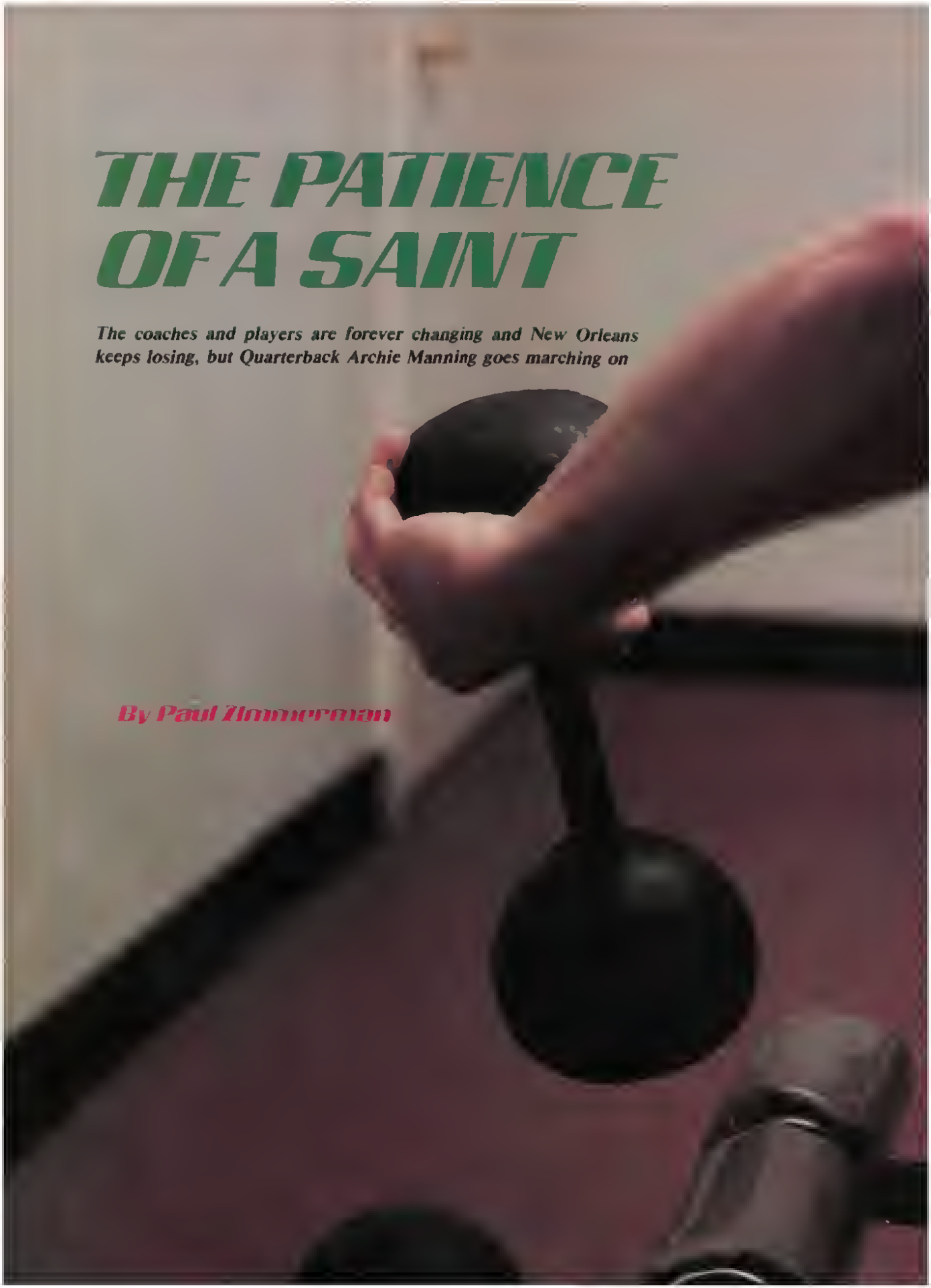
That stroke, along with his speed and athleticism, are his principal weapons, and they make him especially tough on clay. Though his serve-and-volley game is not yet major league, his short backswing and reflex serve returns should equip him well enough for a meritorious debut at Wimbledon.

Most important, having barely started the life he has always wanted to lead, Purcell realizes what his biggest edge is right now. "Excuse me, do you have the time?" a smashing girl in a smashing bikini asked him one day at another glamorous stop on the pro tennis circuit.

"Lots," said the Cell. **END**

THE PATIENCE OF A SAINT

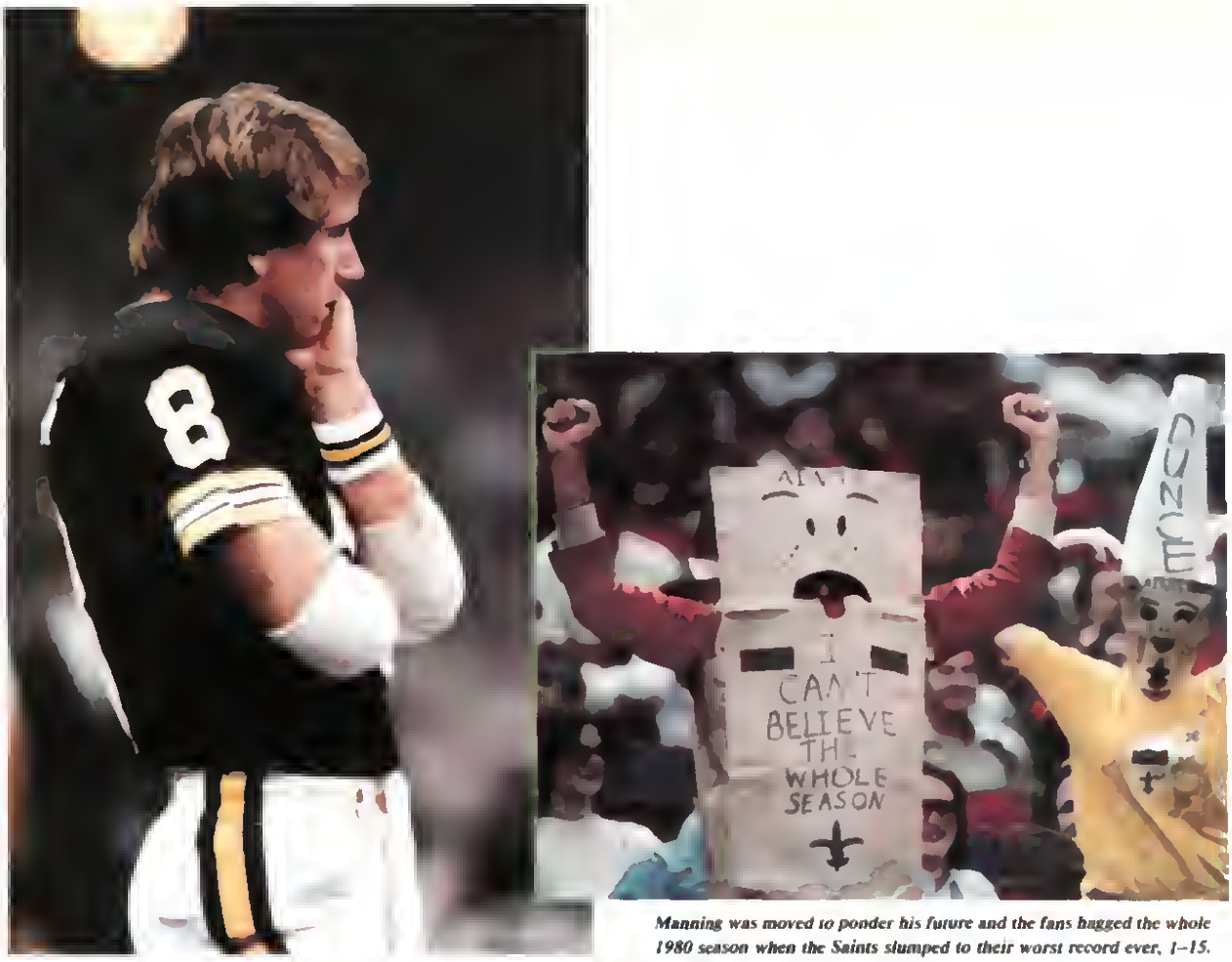
The coaches and players are forever changing and New Orleans keeps losing, but Quarterback Archie Manning goes marching on



By Paul Zimmerman



CONTINUED



Manning was moved to ponder his future and the fans hagged the whole 1980 season when the Saints slumped to their worst record ever, 1–15.

ARCHIE MANNING *continued*

Somehow the dream has never died, and that is surely the most incredible part of the story of Archie Manning.

Sometimes, when the dream burns brightest, the New Orleans Saints' quarterback will shake his head and his face will light up in a little-boy grin, and he'll say, "The Astrodome . . . when they play that Oilers' song . . . it gives me goose bumps. But can you imagine what our place, the Superdome, would be like if we were ever a winner, if we had a playoff game here? They'd blow the lid right off the place. Nothing could hold a candle to it."

But there are times—they occur more now than they used to—when the fires are banked low and the dream is obscured by reflection. "Success, you know, is a relative thing," Manning will say. "I've enjoyed so little success as a professional player. I've sat around with Bradshaw and Griese and Stabler, and I couldn't open my mouth. They'd be saying, 'Remember the '75 playoffs?' or 'Remember that pass I threw in the Super Bowl?' and I'd be thinking about our 8–8 season, or our wins over Minnesota in '78 or Tampa Bay in '79. It's all relative. Those things stick out to me, but what am I going to say?"

And it's then that you realize that Elisha Archie Manning III, the most famous athlete ever produced by the state of Mississippi, one of the finest quarterbacks ever to come out of the deep South, is 32 years old, and in 10 years with the Saints he has yet to experience a winning season. And time is running out.

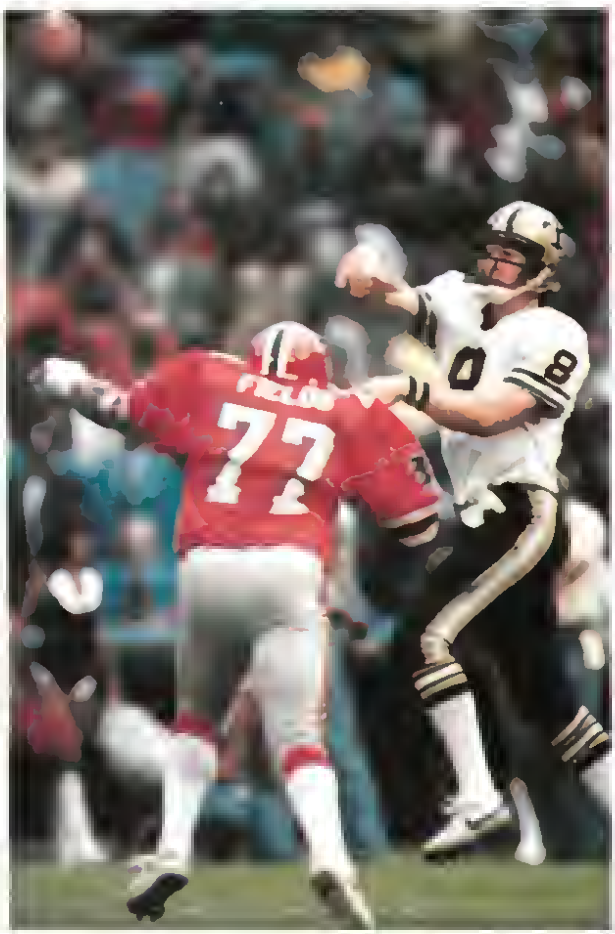
Manning was a scriptwriter's dream, the redheaded, freckle-faced kid who grew up in a little farming town in the Mississippi Delta, who became a sports hero at the high school across the street. Valedictorian, senior class president, perfect Sunday school attendance record. Then it was on to Ole Miss, where, after suffering a deep personal tragedy, Manning became an All-America quarterback and married the homecoming queen. He was drafted No. 1 by a ragtag NFL team that was the shame of the South. Surely, he would lead the Saints out of the wilderness.

But it was at this point that the scriptwriter lost his mind, or maybe he went out on a coffee break and never returned. The Saints haven't won, and amid an ever-changing array of players and coaches and administrators, Manning has remained the one bright spot in the team's dreadful 14-year history, the only deal that hasn't gone sour. He has never threatened to jump ship, never held the club up for more money, never faked an injury, never given it anything

less than his best shot in any game. "Too good to be believed," says Dean Kleinschmidt, the Saints' trainer for 11 years. "Too good for this place."

Manning has been surrounded by madness—absentee ownership based 300 miles away in Houston that has been one beat off the pace, an astronaut, Richard Gordon, in the general manager's chair for five years, trades that backfired, first-round drafts who couldn't play and an unmatched record of 14 years without a winner. It bottomed out at 1–15 last season, and when you mention Manning's name around the league you strike an uncharacteristic vein of compassion. Or worse, you find he has become an object lesson, a textbook argument against rushing a baby quarterback into combat: "You think your kid ought to play right away? Well, look at that Manning with the Saints. They turned him into a basket case down there."

"Yeah, I know I'm the example," Manning says. "I got hurt a lot, sacked a lot, beat up a lot. But I learned a lot, too. You throw 40 times a game when you're first starting out, it's a crash course. And I'm far from a basket case." He stretches to his full 6′ 3″ and flexes the muscles that have been built from a yearly program of 100 carefully monitored and annotated off-season workouts. "I feel guh-reat!" he says.



He was written off a couple of times in the mid-1970s, when it took two operations to get his throwing arm to work right. He has had his fingers mangled and the bones in his left elbow chipped. Wally Chambers, then with the Bears, tore a cartilage in Manning's left knee in '74, Atlanta's Jeff Merrow broke his jaw in '77 and Chicago's Alan Page broke his nose last year. And there are the two dozen or so injuries Manning never told anyone about. He has been sacked 317 times in his NFL career.

"Ever since last season ended," he says, "the number one question people ask me is, 'Why don't you leave? Why don't you get out of here?' It's kind of hard to explain. I've put in 10 years here, this team, this city. My kids are happy in school here, my wife is happy in New Orleans. Sure I want to win, but I want to win here, in this city."

It's April, and he's sitting in the locker room of the Saints' training complex, toweling off after duly recording workout No. 63 in his ledger. As if on cue, Kleinschmidt comes in and announces, "Here's the latest. I just got a call from Denver. They want to verify the Manning for [Bronco Cornerback] Louis Wright trade."

Manning smiles and nods. "The trade rumors are starting again," he says. "The last time I heard them, and I mean lots of them, was when Dick Nolan replaced Hank Stram as coach in '78. That's when I seriously considered going elsewhere. Dick had been a defensive coach. I didn't know how I figured in his plans. But I *continued*

Manning had his top year in 1980, passing for 3,716 yards and 23 TDs, but paid a high price—41 sacks—for the Saints' poor pass protection.



started to look around at the teams that needed quarterbacks—Green Bay, the Giants, the 49ers—and I felt that I had a lot more to work with here—Chuck Muncie and Tony Galbreath in the backfield, Henry Childs at tight end."

He sighs at the thought of Muncie and Childs, both since traded away. Then he leans back, stares around the locker room and points to a plasterboard panel. "See that wall," he says. "You can't count how many times it's been torn down and put back up. Bum Phillips will be the seventh head coach I've played for here, and every time a new one comes in he rearranges things and either tears that wall down or puts it back up or moves it. This is just the way things looked under J.D. Roberts back in 1971.

"Coaches, players, they come and go so fast around here. I have this way of memorizing phone numbers. I'll remember the first three digits and then use players' jersey numbers to help me recall the last four. Like 522-4210, that's 522, Charlie Conerly. Fran Tarkenton. Or 3203, that's O.J. Simpson, Daryle Lamonica. I used to do it with Saints' players, but I was dialing wrong numbers, getting things screwed up because my teammates kept changing so often.

"Sometimes I sit around the locker room playing Saints' trivia with Dean and Tommy Myers, our free safety. Dean has a big advantage because he signs guys out after they've been cut. Myers reads the press guide. He won't admit it, but I'm sure of it. I have too much pride for that."

What's some Saints' trivia?



Archie's mother, Jane, is the merry keeper of early Manning memorabilia

"O.K., whose car did Joe Gilliam borrow in '76? Answer: Rocky Thompson's. Joe said he just wanted to go to the store. He disappeared for two and a half days. Bet you didn't know Rocky Thompson was ever a Saint? Oh yes, sooner or later everyone comes through here. We had nine former Giants on the roster in Stram's first year.

"Here's another. Who was the guy who missed a game because he couldn't find the Superdome? That's a little tougher. He was a punt returner named Williams, I think. We'd picked him up right before an exhibition game, only he never showed up. Next day, Coach [John] North said, 'Where were you?' Williams said, 'Coach, I couldn't find the Superdome.' And Coach North said, 'Well, I hope you can find the damn airport.'

"People were coming in and out all the time. I had to check off a play one time because I looked over at the guy I was supposed to throw to and I'd never seen him before. Here was this number 85. Turns out his name was Charlie Brown, and he'd just joined the team and was in for one play. I checked off to a draw. I thought it was a trick, that some guy had just put on a Saints' uniform."

John Hill, the center, has come out of the weight room and joined the conversation. "Here's one for you," he said. "What was the game last year when we all ran into each other coming on the field? Answer: Detroit. For the pregame introductions the defense was supposed to peel off in two lines at the 10- and 20-yard lines, the offense at the 30 and 40. But when we ran out, the defensive guys were formed up on the wrong side, and they tried to cut through the offense to get to the 10-20. There was mass chaos. NFL Follies missed out when they didn't film that one."

Manning comes up with another. Quick now, the rookie who brought his parrot into the locker for the exhibition game. Can't remember? The answer is Jennings. First name, uh, who knows? A punt returner. Another one-night stand. The trivia game breaks up on that one. Manning and Hill are both laughing. Nope, 10 years with the Saints hasn't been all grim.

Archie Manning has a face built for laughter. Those freckles, that red hair combed straight across, the slightly oversized nose—a little bent now, thanks to Alan Page—a slight squint in the eyes. Huck Finn is the image that has stuck to him through the years. He doesn't seem 32 years old.

It's the face that peers up at you from the endless scrapbook pages his mother has assembled back home in Drew, Miss. Jane Manning, whom everybody calls Sis, is the official curator of the Archie Manning collection. As wave after wave of coaches and agents, sportswriters and the simply curious have passed through her living room, she has developed a whimsical outlook on fame and its spinoff.

"How many have come through here? Oh, hundreds, just hundreds," she says. She's a big woman, fair-skinned and redheaded like her son. Her husband, Buddy, who died in August 1969, was 5' 8" but tough enough to play in the line at Drew High, as two of his brothers had before him.

"It wasn't so bad until Buddy died, but after that it just got fierce, especially with Archie becoming such a big star that next fall. Church buses would detour so they could go

continued

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Archie and Olivia, a perfect match, make their home in the Garden District

past the house where Archie grew up. I'd get calls in the middle of the night from drunks just wanting to talk. People would call saying they wanted to represent him, telling him what subjects to major in. They'd show up at the door from all states of the Union. I had a ring stolen one time. One man walked in and took two pictures off the wall. 'I'll send them back,' he said. He never did."

Manning likes to tell the story about the time Herb Rudoy, a big-time agent from Chicago, flew down to try to sign him up. "I was out of the house for a few hours, so my mother sat him down in front of the scrapbooks," he says. "After a while he got tired of waiting and he got up to go, but before he left, Sis gave him a jar of her homemade peach preserves and another jar of pickle relish. I could just picture him going back to Chicago with those two bottles and people asking him, 'Well, did you get Archie Manning?' and him saying, 'Nope, but I got these.'"

Manning's lawyer, Frank Crosthwait Jr. of Indianola, Miss., says he'll always remember Archie as a little kid standing outside Drew's First Baptist Church on Sunday wearing a bright red jacket and white gloves.

"My older sister, Pam, had a pair of white gloves, and I fell in love with them and always wore them to church," Manning says. "My first toy was an adjustable wrench I called 'my wrencher.'" A scrapbook shows an essay Archie wrote in third grade for Mother's Day. "When I am sick she gives me medicine. She sits up with me all night. She buys food for me to eat. She washes my clothes."

"From the time I was six," Manning says, "I can't remember ever putting a ball down. I'd change with the seasons. Sports just took hold of me and never let go. I'd get butterflies just waiting for the major league games to start on television." In the fall he'd lie in bed at night and listen to University of Mississippi football games on the radio. "I was 10 years old when Ole Miss lost that famous 7–3 game to LSU on Billy Cannon's punt return," he says. "I listened to the game on the radio with my father. At the end, Ole Miss drove to the LSU one-yard line but didn't score, and when the game was over, I cried. My father went to bed, but I stayed up and spun the dial, listening to any late game I could get. Rice, TCU, anything. At midnight they broadcast a taped replay of Ole Miss-LSU, so I lay there in bed and heard the whole thing over again. And when it was over I cried again."

Manning's life as a youngster was well organized. There were Cub Scout meetings and piano and dancing lessons. He won the Junior Achievement Award given by the Drew Garden Club. When he was 14 he wrote, in a careful hand with a slight backward tilt, an essay entitled *My Autobiography* that began, "I am told I was born on Thursday, May 19, 1949 . . ." and concluded, "Today I am 14 years old and in the ninth grade of Drew Junior High School. I have been blessed with a healthy body and mind. I stand five feet six inches tall and weigh one hundred-twenty pounds. . . . I don't know what I intend to be but plan to enter some college. I hope to be someone my friends, teachers, and parents won't be ashamed of."

He had already made a name for himself in sports, but not football. He had been a starter for the Drew High base-

ball team since the seventh grade; he would win six baseball letters. Eventually, he'd be drafted by both the Braves and the White Sox as one of the nation's hottest shortstop prospects, but at Drew he began as a second baseman.

By the time he was a senior, Archie had grown to 6' 2" and weighed 160 pounds. His football career had been slowed by injuries, a broken ankle in the eighth grade, a broken right arm as a high school freshman, a broken left arm as a junior. His senior squad had 26 players on it, and he quarterbacked it to a 5–5 record, despite playing some bigger schools. In all, he got 15 letters at Drew High, three each in basketball, football and track to go with the ones in baseball. He was a 25-point scorer in basketball, a sprinter and quarter-miler on the track team. His four-year academic average was 95.44, which made him first in his class, narrowly edging Furney Wood (95.42), who is now a computer-program analyst in Athens, Ala.

"Do you know how I got to be valedictorian?" Manning says. "I went for it and the others didn't. There were kids smarter than me, you know, the bookworm who studied all the time, the girl who was a pure brain, but my planning was better. I didn't take physics or solid geometry. And I didn't take the easy courses, typing and Mississippi history, when I was a freshman or sophomore, as everyone else did. I saved them for my senior year. I went for the kill."

He was class president his final year, and, naturally, he was voted Mr. Drew High. He seemed almost too good to be true. He says he bleached his hair blond when he was a senior, but so did a lot of his friends; that was the fad that year. "Once, just once, I saw Archie cut loose," says Georganne Clark Ward, Manning's classmate from kindergarten through secondary school and now a social-studies teacher at Drew High. "On graduation night all the boys got kind of wild and woolly, and I guess Archie felt that as president of the class he had to get the drunkest. My date had to leave me to go out and take care of him. The sight I'll never forget is Archie dancing around with a tambourine in his hand, saying, 'I'm the Drew High leader and I'm going to lead y'all the way to Slim's.' That was where we bought beer."

There's one more footnote to the saga of Archie Manning and Drew High. He was part of Mississippi history. He was there when integration came to the state's school systems. Not very forcefully at Drew; that wouldn't be until 1970, when the high school would become predominantly black. The color line was first broken by seven jittery children from a family named Carter. The oldest one, Ruth, was Archie's classmate.

"There was no violence, no ugly incidents that made headlines," says Ruby Nell Stancill, who still teaches math at Drew High. "The people here aren't like that. The Carter children were simply ignored. No one would talk to them. At noon they wouldn't eat lunch in the cafeteria, they'd eat on the gym steps. I think there was only one time I ever saw one of those Carter children smile."

Drew isn't redneck country; you have to go farther east in the state for that, to the hill country. It is primarily a community of struggling farmers, many of whom turned to growing rice and soybeans after the cotton crop started to fail in the mid-'70s. Manning's father managed a farm-machinery business that went downhill after he died. His mother still works in one of the two law offices in town. Blacks weren't despised in Drew, nor were they appreciated. They were simply taken for granted, as if they were part of the landscape. But equality? That was another story.

"I remember one year when it looked like we were heading for a district basketball tournament," Manning says, "and we thought we were going to be playing against blacks for the first time. Some of our players' fathers had already told them that if we made it, they weren't going to let them compete. I asked my dad what he thought about the situation. He'd never pushed me into sports. He said to me, 'When you started sports, the only thing I ever told you was whatever you go out for, don't quit. Not playing in that game would be quitting, wouldn't it?' Anyway, we didn't make the tournament."

The Carter thing was something else. Manning had been a hatchery fish, and all of a sudden he had a glimpse of the big ocean. His instincts were toward acceptance. One of his best friends, Alan Silverblatt, was the only Jewish student in Drew High. But when the color line was finally broken, even well-meaning people like Manning had trouble adjusting.

"It was a very tense situation," he says. "I felt kind of sorry for Ruth; she had to be seared stiff. I talked to her once or twice, but I wouldn't say that I went out of my way to be friendly to her.

"You can't change the place you grew up in or the way you grew up. When I first came to the Saints I was concerned with how the black players would accept me. I mean, here I was, a guy who had never played football with a black player. The obvious thing would have been to try to ingratiate myself with the black guys on the team; I mean, I really didn't know how to handle it. Fortunately Richard Neal, our defensive end, who was kind of a leader among the black players, knew what I was going through. The first thing he did was to invite my wife, Olivia, and me out to dinner. I was very thankful for that. Let's face it. I was late coming to such things."

Only three colleges recruited Manning, Mississippi, Mississippi State and Tulane. Ole Miss was his preference all along. He was one of seven freshmen quarterbacks, but by spring practice of his first year he'd come on so strong Coach Johnny Vaught decided that the next fall he'd start a true non-redshirt sophomore for the first time since 1949. Vaught was telling his friends, "I've got a boy who's going to be better than all of them."

Manning was wild and unpredictable. He'd take off on one of his mad scrambles, stop dead and drill a strike through a collapsing zone. He'd improvise, drawing up plays in the huddle. And when he was pinned, there was always that great athletic ability to bail him out, that 4.7 speed. "I'll take him right now," said New Orleans' chief scout, Henry Lee Parker, after Manning threw for two scores, ran for a third and piled up 362 yards of offense to lead Ole Miss past LSU 27–24 in Baton Rouge his sophomore year.

continued



Phillips will be Manning's seventh coach in 11 years in New Orleans.

On Aug. 16, 1969 Manning was home in Drew, having just returned from a summer school session at Ole Miss. It was Saturday, and he and his mother and sister had gone to a wedding. Buddy was at home. Archie left the reception early. He wanted to spend some time with his father before going back to Oxford for his junior season. But when he got home, Buddy wasn't around.

"I went by his room to look for him," Manning says. "He was lying on the bed with his mouth open. I saw blood on his chest. I knew he was dead. The shotgun that he'd used was on the floor. I called the doctor, and he came right over. I called Louie Campbell, an old friend of the family. I told him to find Sis and Pam and keep them away until we could get things cleaned up."

He pulls out an old snapshot of his father. The picture is slightly blurred and shows a short, stocky man in a white shirt, squinting at the camera. "I don't really know why he did it," Manning says. "He'd had a stroke a few years before. And maybe he was sick again and wasn't telling us. He had a sister who'd been an invalid for some years, and my mother says he always had a horror of that. Business had been bad. People had owed him money for a long time and just couldn't afford to pay. He didn't press them.

"He wasn't the kind of person who thought a whole lot about money. He was a funny combination, a rugged kind of man, but a scholar, too, a great Bible scholar. He loved poetry. He seemed very happy that summer, but my mother said he had just made up a will and had left instructions as to how to find all his papers. I keep thinking about something that happened the night before his death and wondering whether it had any impact on it.

"We'd gone to an Ole Miss alumni banquet in Indianola, and Billy Mustin, the B-team football coach, came over and told my parents he had a son and he'd like to think that someday his son would be half the gentleman I was. It was a nice compliment, but somehow I feel that it had some effect on my father's killing himself. I don't know why.

"I remember when I went off to Oxford the first time, my father said to me, 'I don't care how successful you are in football and baseball, I want you to be a nice guy.' Now when my 7-year-old son, Cooper, and I talk about some player, he'll say, 'Is he a nice guy, Dad? Is he a good man?' And I'll say 'Yeah, Coop, he's a good man.' "

It was in his junior season, in 1969, that Manning grew into a Mississippi legend. Ole Miss lost 33–32 to Alabama, but he threw for 436 yards and ran for another 104. Georgia, the sixth-ranked team in the country, knocked him out in the first half, but he sprinted back into action in the third quarter and led the Rebels to victory. When the crowd saw him returning to the field from the dressing room with a towel over his head, it let out a roar, and Governor John Bell Williams, who was just then coming back to his seat, smiled and waved, figuring it was for him.

"At halftime," Manning says, "they got one of those long Coca-Cola troughs and took the Cokes out and filled it with ice and put me in it. It was a hot day."

"He dominates a college game better than Joe Namath," said Bear Bryant. "He just may be the best there ever was," said LSU Coach Charley McClendon after Manning completed 10 passes in a row in Ole Miss' 26–23 upset of the Tigers. A Jackson, Miss., motel carried a huge sign: ARCHIE SLEPT HERE. A Baton Rouge attorney filed a suit in federal district court, seeking an injunction to prevent Manning from "further harassment" of the LSU team. Against unbeaten Tennessee in Jackson, with ARCHIE WHO? buttons everywhere, Manning led Ole Miss to a 38–0 rout. A Magnolia, Miss., postal clerk wrote a ditty entitled *The Ballad of Archie Who*. The record sold like crazy. In Gulfport, Hurricane Camille washed up a barge. On the hull there was an inscription 25 feet wide: ARCHIE BABY!

"The only thing I can figure out," Manning says, "is that Archie is a different kind of name. Maybe if it were Bill or something else, none of this would have happened."

By the end of his junior year he had set 27 school and six conference records. "The problem," said Ole Miss Publicity Director Billy Gates as he watched Archie take Arkansas apart 27–22 in the Sugar Bowl, "is that if he doesn't win the Heisman next year, I'm out of a job."

But there would be no Heisman. In the second game of Manning's senior season, against Kentucky, he pulled a groin muscle. The injury was kept secret and the following week the Rebels beat Alabama on national TV, but Archie wasn't right. A 30–14 upset by Southern Mississippi stopped Ole Miss' win streak at 4–0, and three days later Vaught was in the hospital with a heart attack. Two games after that, Manning fractured his left forearm against Houston and his chance for the trophy went poof. He wound up third in the voting, one notch better than he'd done in '69. When he came back from the Hula Bowl in January of '71 he married Olivia Williams of Philadelphia, Miss., which is next to Williamsville, where her father still runs the famous Williams Brothers Grocery, a general store that had been pictured in *National Geographic* in 1937.

"They still talk about that wedding," Sis says. "The peo-

continued



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ple ran into that church like stampeding cattle. They didn't even wait to be seated. The reception was in the National Guard armory in Philadelphia. There were hundreds of people there. They walked off with the tablecloths, the flowers, anything for a souvenir. People were taking bottles of champagne out to their cars—some were taking whole cases. I told Olivia's father, 'They're taking the champagne.' He just said, 'Aw, let 'em.' "

Manning had spent the early part of his wedding day getting himself an agent, or rather, a lawyer. He figured to be the second player picked in the draft that year, behind Heisman winner Jim Plunkett. (Actually, quarterbacks went 1-2-3 in '71: Plunkett, Manning and Dan Pastorini.) He'd heard from practically all the big-name agents, but on the morning of the ceremony he sat for two hours in a motel in Meridian with Crosthwait, an old family friend who had quarterbacked Drew High to its last league championship in 1953, and decided he was the man for the job.



Manning was also valedictorian and earned 15 letters

Crosthwait is redheaded, wiry, intense. He looks like the kind of country lawyer it would be no fun going against on his home turf. The series of contracts that he and Manning have negotiated have put Manning at No. 3 in the NFL hierarchy, behind Chicago Running Back Walter Payton and Miami Quarterback Bob Griese, and he could move up to No. 2 if Griese, who is recovering from a shoulder injury, decides to retire. Manning's current salary is $367,500 a year, and there's also the $250,000 insurance policy he has had since he signed his first contract, plus a $10,000 incentive clause for making the Pro Bowl. Very little of the package is deferred. He's going into the last year of a three-year contract.

His first contract, which Saints General Manager Vic Schwenk burned himself out negotiating and which was settled only when owner John Mecom Jr. himself flew to Mississippi to get it done, called for $420,000 for five years, $170,000 of it in bonus money, with some of the package deferred for up to 13 years. Mecom flipped a coin for a double-indemnity accident clause in the insurance policy. Manning called heads. It came up heads.

The second contract was signed in 1975, with a year to go on the original deal. The WFL was beckoning, and Mecom wanted to end that threat forever. The numbers read $600,000 for four years, with an extra $65,000 as a signing bonus. Not bad figures for those days. Manning and his country lawyer had done all right.

"Don't tell me about country lawyers," Mecom says. "We used to have one working for us, and I can't wait to find another."

"Frank Crosthwait is the reason why I've slept better for the last 10 years," Manning says. But playing quarterback for New Orleans hasn't been a bed of roses. There's a nine-year period in the Saints' history in which Manning was the only first-round draft to stick with the club. In 1970 New Orleans drafted Wide Receiver Ken Burrough No. 1. Manning had dreams about throwing deep to this breath-takingly fast giant. Sorry! Three days before the Saints drafted Manning, they traded Burrough to Houston for four guys who didn't last.

In '72, the year after Manning arrived, Georgia Guard Royce Smith was New Orleans' No. 1 choice. He lasted two years. The Saints had the second pick in the entire NFL in '73: Bert Jones, John Hannah, Chuck Foreman—oh, there were some players to choose from. They traded it to the Colts for a later choice and Defensive End Billy Newsome, whom they wound up shipping to the Jets for a No. 1 that turned out to be . . . why, Ohio State Tackle Kurt Schumacher, of course. In '74 New Orleans' first-round choice was Ohio State Linebacker Rick Middleton—over his teammate Randy Gradishar. Gradishar had a bad knee, you see. The choice in '75 was Larry Burton, the track star.

"The year I was drafted, the Saints' No. 2 choice was Sam Holden, a tackle from Grambling. Dan Dierdorf was still left when they took Sam. I told my wife, 'Wow, this guy must really be something. They picked him ahead of Dierdorf.' Dan's a guy who gets beat about once a semester. Sam was down with a hamstring his first year. I'd watch him running laps, and he was running them slower than I could walk. I nicknamed him Sudden Sam. The second year he played in our next-to-last exhibition game—against the Steelers in Memphis, sort of a homecoming for me. Sam pitched a no-hitter against L.C. Greenwood that night. I'd take my seven-step drop, and L.C. was back there waiting for me."

In Manning's first year the Saints won four games, twice as many as they had the season before, but still finished last in their division. Manning was sacked 40 times, and he limped through most of the year on a bad thigh. The next year he took every snap from center. His sacks went up to 43, but of the 23 touchdowns the Saints scored, he had a hand in 20, throwing for 18, running for two.

"They'd put in a lot of silly stuff for him," former Saint Wide Receiver Danny Abramowicz says. "like a college option play his rookie year. He ran it against Oakland a few times, and it worked. I told him on the sidelines, 'Archie, you're living on borrowed time. You'd better forget that damn thing.' He said, 'What can I do? They keep sending it

continued

in.' The next time he ran it, Phil Villapiano was waiting. Boom! Villapiano turned out the lights.

"You know, it's a good thing Archie was never a cocky guy, or he wouldn't have lasted in the NFL. Defensive guys like Jack Youngblood and Freddy Dryer and even Claude Humphrey like him. Humphrey is supposed to be such a mean dude, but I saw him back off from unloading on Archie. Younghlood told me one time, 'I can't do it to that boy. So many times I've had a straight shot on him when his back was turned, but I just can't do it.'

"When I left the Saints in '73 I told Archie, 'You'd better get out of this place. They're going to kill you here.' "

But Manning has survived. He has been through three or four rebuilding programs, and gradually he has learned his trade. He heard himself booed out of Tulane Stadium early in his career by fans frustrated to discover that one man wasn't going to turn the franchise around, and he heard them boo him again in '75, when he had his worst season statistically. His arm was slowly dying—bicipital tendinitis—and it took two operations and a complete season of inactivity (1976) to revive it. By then most people had written him off.

"I played in the games in '75 without being able to practice," he says. "On the night of Jan. 18, 1976 I'd just finished watching the Super Bowl on TV when I got a call from the league office. Roger Staubach couldn't play in the Pro Bowl. He was injured. Fran Tarkenton had already said he couldn't play. The game was a week away and they needed an NFC quarterback. I said, 'Hold on a minute,' and I got a ball out of the trophy case and went outside with Olivia and tried throwing to her in the dark. I couldn't get the ball to her. All I could do was lob it."

The operations and a strenuous rehabilitation program finally brought the arm around. From Stram he learned the 100 recorded workout idea. When Manning wasn't lifting weights, he'd throw to a 300-pound equipment man named Silky Powell.

"Silky burned his arm out just throwing the balls back to me," Manning says. "I got over my tendinitis, but he got it. After a while he was just pushing the ball."

In January 1979 Manning was in the Pro Bowl—and not as anyone's stand-in. The Saints had gone 7–9, but he was voted MVP of the NFC. It was almost as if everyone were saying, Archie, you've paid your dues, kid. It's time you got picked to something. The next year he was in the Pro Bowl again. The Saints had finished 8–8. They were on the threshold. Then came last year's disaster.

"I'll tell you we had some weapons," Manning says wistfully. He is sitting in the den of his house in New Orleans'

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fashionable Garden District, and he is looking at the wall at a picture of Muncie getting ready to break one.

"You can see Muncie hasn't been traded in this house. Our '78 highlight film, it's almost all Chuck. He'd turn the corner, and you could see the cornerback just hoping a big tackle would come out to block him so he wouldn't have to take Muncie on straight up. The fastest back out of the I formation I've ever seen. Toes in, kind of hunched over, then hoom! Gone."

Cooper, the oldest of the three Manning children—the others are Peyton, 5, and Eli, 5 months—comes in. Seven years old, sturdily built, sandy-haired and, naturally, freckled, Cooper is into ratings. "What are the six favorite games you've ever seen?" That kind of thing. He once came home from a Saints game and asked his dad, "Can I boo, too?" His favorite team? San Diego. His three favorite players? Lance Alworth, J.J. Jefferson and Lynn Swann. His favorite Saint? Wes Chandler. How about your dad?

"My second favorite," Cooper says. "But he's my favorite quarterback."

The 1–15 season has been over for four months. "It was by far the most miserable thing I've ever gone through," Manning says. His wife stopped going to the games. Muncie was traded to the Chargers, and Galbreath, struggling with financial problems and deep gloom, was benched. Childs had a bad knee. The offense tried nine different running-back combinations, and it ended up with the weakest ground game in the NFL. The leading Saint rusher finished 48th in the league. Blitz pickups were a problem.

"No one took it harder than Dick Nolan," says Manning. "His face got to me, his eyes all red. I knew he wasn't sleeping at night. He was just dying. When we were 0–12 they fired him and made Dick Stanfel the head coach. He was Coach Nolan's best friend. He didn't want the job. Coach Nolan told him to take it. Coach Stanfel came over to me before his first team meeting, his voice all gravelly, and said, 'Archie, what do I tell them?' I didn't know. He told the team, 'Those few guys who jumped ship . . . you know who I'm talking about . . . you just got out your shovels and buried the best man you'll ever know.'"

Despite all that, Manning finished with the most touchdown passes of his career (23), his second-highest completion percentage (60.7%) and second-lowest interception percentage (3.9%). In private he told people he thought it was the best year he'd ever had, but you don't broadcast such a thing, not when half the organization is getting fired and the fans are walking around with paper bags over their heads.

continued



"I was dreading the off-season," Manning says. "But people don't talk about it much. There's optimism. Everyone's talking about Bum. The other day I asked him when our mini-camp was, and he said, 'You don't have to worry about being there. Ain't nothing going to go on anyway.' "

For Manning, the aftermath of the 1–15 season was a long look at his future in New Orleans. When Stanfel took over, Steve Rosenbloom, the general manager who later resigned, had told him to bench Manning and play Guy Benjamin. Stanfel refused. After the season Rosenbloom's assistant, Harold Guiver, called Manning to set up a lunch date. The purpose—to extend Manning's contract.

"It was an extension with an insignificant raise," Archie says. "Frank and I had timed my current contract to run until the Players Association contract expired. Now Harold wanted to extend it. I told him, 'Look, I was born at night, but not last night.' "

Phillips has made it clear that Manning is very prominent in his plans for the Saints. He's not worried about his quarterback's 32 years. "Not the way that guy takes care of hisself," Phillips says. "You ever see those strength and health magazines? There's a whole section on guys over 40, great physical specimens with bulging muscles and everything. There's nothing wrong with those guys. They've taken care of themselves. Archie's like that."

Mecom says that the only indecision about Manning's future with the club came from Rosenbloom. "Steve was vehement about Archie's going," he said. "He wanted everyone around him to be a former Ram. The only problem with Archie here is that everyone else can't measure up to the standards he has set."

It is a recent Wednesday morning, and Manning is working on dealer development for Royal Oldsmobile, one of about five jobs he has in the off-season. Together they bring in roughly $100,000 a year. He has built some unusual clauses into the contracts for these jobs. No one-shot deals with the companies he works for—the radio station, the insurance company that hired him to do P.R. "If I'm going to do it," he says, "I want to really be a part of it." The minimum is usually three years, "but if I leave the Saints, they're automatically released from their obligations if they want it that way." It's a refreshing bit of morality in the world of commerce, but for Manning it's no big deal, just the decent way to do things. Or, as Phillips says, "He's a young man who was brought up good."

Manning has just hung up after calling Pete Maravich about playing in a golf tournament Manning is running. He checks the name off a little list. He makes a couple of notations and moves down to the next name.

"I'm an organization nut," he says. "Lists, lists within lists. I can't help it. I was even like that as a kid. I've got a master list for work. I can't go to item three if I haven't finished item two. I go around our house picking up kids' toys. I do it in my wife's parents' house, too. I just can't relax, and it isn't even my house. My boy, Cooper, is just like me. He can't open gifts at Christmas without having a garbage can nearby so he can throw out the wrapping paper right away. My way of doing things has its advantages, though. If I meet a guy and he gives me his card and asks for a picture for his kid, it'll go down on the list. And that picture will be sent."

A man comes in and introduces himself. He reminds Manning that they met at the Belle Terre Country Club. He tells Manning he's running a banquet for a drug program, and informs Manning that he's expecting him to be the featured speaker. A request wrapped up in the language of a command. The word "please" is never used. "Looking forward to seeing you in June, heah?" the man says as he leaves. Manning sighs and watches him go.

"He thinks he needs me, but he really doesn't," Manning says. "If he was just starting the program, if he really needed my help, it would be different, but this one's well established." It's a tricky business. Manning is now on the board of half a dozen different charities, and three seasons ago he won the NFL Players Association Justice Byron (Whizzer) White Award for the good works he has been doing. But there are always people waiting for that one denial so they can tell everyone, "Hey, that Archie Manning isn't so special. He turned me down last week."

"I think I've spoken in every high school in Mississippi and Louisiana," Manning says, "opened up every mall. . . ." The rest is implied. And just make that one ship. . . .

"One year we had a team party at my house after we beat the Rams," he says. "Afterward Rick Kingrea, one of our linebackers, and I went downtown to the Quarter to buy some Lucky Dogs from a street vendor. I gave the guy a twenty. He said he had to get change. Traffic started backing up behind me, then suddenly a guy began pounding on my car. I said, 'Hold on a minute.' Rick said something stronger. The guy turned out to be a plainclothes policeman, and the next thing I knew, two cops had Kingrea and me up against the wall and were searching us. One of them recognized me. He said, 'Oh, it's you, Archie. Sorry,' and they drove away.

"Next day they were on the phone to the Saints' office. 'Just wanted you to know we had Archie Manning handcuffed for creating a disturbance last night, and we let him go.' " Manning shakes his head at the memory. "They were probably hoping for season tickets."

Not long before, on a warm April evening, he and Olivia had driven by a tall, stately Georgian mansion near their own house. The mansion has white pillars in front and in back a tree-shaded swimming pool, one of the nicest private pools in New Orleans. It had just gone on the market. The price was close to three-quarters of a million dollars. The woman who was selling it said she'd give the Mannings first crack. It was a perfect house, a two-minute walk to the Isidore Newman School, which is attended by Cooper and Peyton. It was also a hook, almost a permanent marriage to the city of New Orleans.

A month later the house was sold, but it was not sold to the Mannings. "The agent did call me up to give me a final chance at it, though," Manning says. "I don't know, maybe we should have gotten it. It's a question of where do we really belong?"

It's also a question of how much of the dream is left. END



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Yesterday

by ALLAN POSPISIL

A PARACHUTING DAREDEVIL TURNS THE EYES OF A NATION TO A DEVILISH DEED

What goes up must come down is a principle that bends the paths of pop flies and footballs, but when a parachutist named George Hopkins stepped from a small plane over northeastern Wyoming early on Oct. 1, 1941, gravity was only partly served.

Hopkins, 30 but looking younger, could have been the archetypical Dead End Kid—tough, boastful, a swaggering 5′ 7″ and 118 pounds—only he came from South Dakota not Hell's Kitchen. On a $50 bet he parachuted onto the top of Devils Tower—and he couldn't get down.

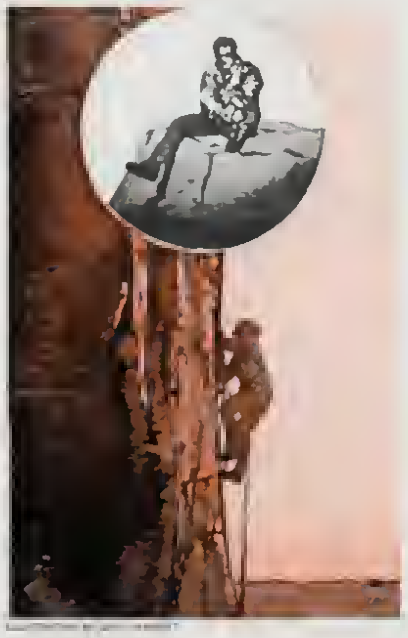
According to Sioux legend, Devils Tower was created by the Great Spirit, who lifted the plug of rock more than 1,200 feet above the Belle Fourche River Valley to save three Indian maidens being pursued by bears. The bears, great brutes, tried but failed to reach the elevated maidens. Instead, the bears slipped and fell to their deatbs, leaving a lasting signature—claw marks that give the rock its distinctive, fluted surface. After the bears died, the legend goes, the maidens slid down on a rope of wild flowers.

An escape similar to that of the Indians' was what Hopkins intended. The plane made a second pass over Devils Tower and dropped him rope, a pulley, an axle and a sledgehammer, but they fell to a ledge beyond Hopkins' reach. Another rope was dropped. Bull's-eye! But it fell in an enormous Gordian knot that Hopkins couldn't untangle.

Undaunted, he toyed with the idea of clambering down. Among the few observers gathered at the base of the cliff was Newell F. Joyner, custodian of the Devils Tower National Monument. Someone asked him bow long it should take the chutist to reacb the bottom. "About five bours," Joyner said, "unless he slips."

Joyner wasn't amused by Hopkins' stunt, performed as much to publicize a parachute-jumping exhibition in Rapid City, S. Dak. as to win a bet. "My first consideration will be for Hopkins' safety," he told a reporter. "My second will be to take steps to prevent any recurrence of this event."

Hopkins reconsidered climbing down almost immediately. He may have been



a fearless ehutist—indeed, he was a former RAF parachute instructor—but he was no mountaineer. He shouted down that it looked too tough, and he retreated to his aerie to work again on the rope. After a while the sun set, the wind came up, and it began to snow.

By the next day, Thursday, several missions had been flown over the Tower to drop food and supplies to the chutist. Joyner summoned two mountain elimbers, Ernest Field and Warren Gorrell, from Rocky Mountain National Park in Colorado to see about rescuing poor Hopkins. But Hopkins wasn't faring too badly; the United Press reported that he spent that night "curled up with a bottle of liquor at his side and an army field tent over his head." The liquor had been supplied after Hopkins tossed down a note requesting it "for medicinal purposes."

Field and Gorrell arrived and made their way through a picnicking crowd that grew in size each day Hopkins was marooned Newspapers across the country were picking up the story, the biggest of its kind out of Wyoming since the grasshopper plagues of the '30s, and it made a nice change from the war headlines usually splashed across Page One.

After scrambling up the 400-foot-high mound at the base of the Tower, Field reported that he and Gorrell found themselves "gazing straight up some 800 feet to a nonchalant Hopkins perched on the rim of the Tower's top."

There were only two known climbing routes. The first had been established in 1937 by Fritz Wiessner, an expatriate German living in the U.S. Wiessner's line followed a risky path, a vertical crack some 70 to 80 feet long and about six inches wide. After studying it, Field decided their best hope lay with the second route, worked out in 1938 by Jack Durrance, a dashing young American climber who had spent much time climbing in the Alps. Durrance's brother, Dick, was one of America's finest ski racers in the '30s.

Field and Gorrell tried Durrance's route, negotiating a 10-foot wall with only a two-inch crack for purchase, and next a leaning column 18 feet high. Then they stood on a small, nearly flat platform at the base of a 60-foot pitch that was the key to the rest of the ascent. There were two tiny eracks, three feet apart, running the length of the pitch. Except for that, the face of the rock was smooth.

"We both tried to ascend this pitch," Field reported, "frontwards, backwards, sideways and endways—with no luck." They backed off, but left a fixed rope hanging from the top of the column.

When they returned to headquarters, Joyner showed them a telegram from Jack Durrance. Back East at Dartmouth, where he was a student, Durrance had read of Hopkins' predicament and wired word that he was coming to the rescue.

The next couple of days Field and Gorrell worked at making Durrance's climb easier, driving iron spikes into cracks too large for conventional pitons, and leaning an extension ladder halfway up the difficult 60-foot pitcb.

Durrance, joined by another Dartmouth elimber, Merrill McLane, began a dramatic eross-country dash. They flew to Chicago, where they declined report-

continued



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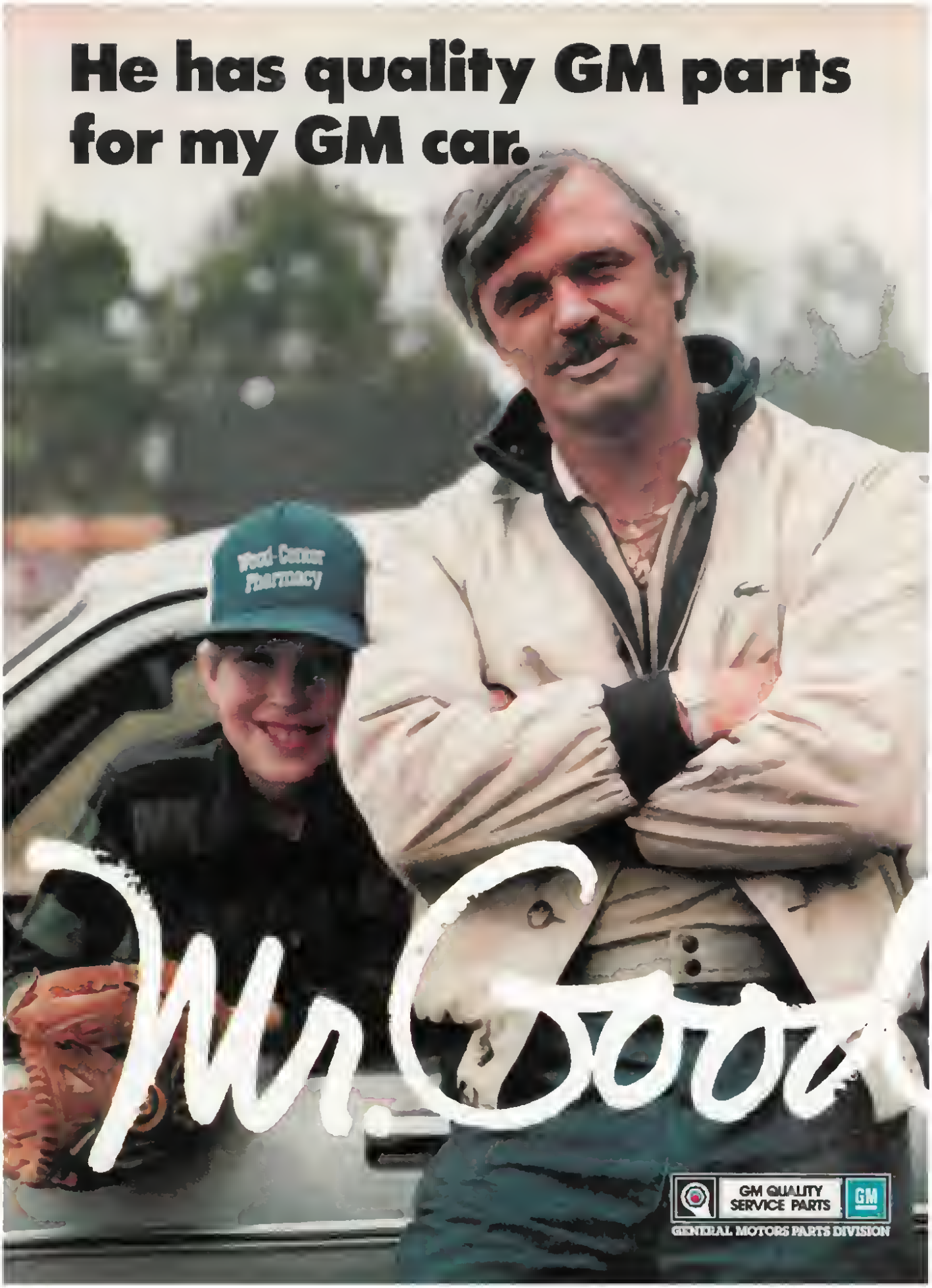
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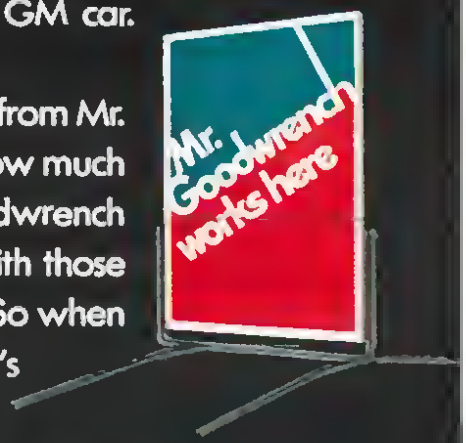


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ers' requests for photographs, and continued by train to Denver.

Meanwhile, on top of Devils Tower, Hopkins cursed his rope, by now frozen hard, and passed the time counting rocks. An airplane had dropped him a fur-lined aviator's suit. "Quit worrying about me up here," he wrote in a note pitched over the side. "I'm all right."

On Saturday, Oct. 4, 700 people spent the day at Devils Tower, giving themselves stiff necks.

Meanwhile, two other climbers had arrived from the Tetons, Paul Petzoldt and Harold Rapp. Durrance had worked as a guide for Petzoldt, and once had applied for the guide concession that Petzoldt held in the Tetons. Rapp, taller than 6′ 7″, was nicknamed "Timberline."

In Omaha, a newspaper announced that it had hired a Goodyear blimp, the Reliance, to fly from Akron and pluck Hopkins off the top of Devils Tower, but estimated it would take at least three days for the blimp to reach Wyoming.

Durrance and McLane arrived in Denver, where they added Alpinist Chappel Cranmer to their party. Then they drove to Cheyenne, Wyo. and picked up Henry Coulter, another Dartmouth man and Durrance's brother-in-law. With a Wyoming police escort clearing the way, they reached Devils Tower late Sunday.

Bad weather in Akron grounded the blimp, but in a cold rain at Devils Tower a crowd of several hundred watched and waited. On top, during Hopkins' fifth night, it snowed again.

At 7:30 a.m. Monday, Hopkins' sixth day aloft, all eight climbers—Durrance, McLane, Cranmer, Coulter, Petzoldt, Rapp, Field and Gorrell—began working their way up the rock. Durrance, in the lead, was grateful for the spikes and ladder because the face of the Tower was glazed with ice, though he was upset that Petzoldt, following, seemed just as interested in taking pictures for the press as in providing belays.

Field, the Rocky Mountain park ranger who had been on the scene now for four days, was awed by Durrance's climb. Jamming his hands into small cracks, wedging a foot where the crack widened, driving pitons and two-by-four stakes, Durrance steadily ascended. It took nearly an hour for him to make the 30 feet from the top rung of Field's and Gorrell's ladder to a ledge. Durrance secured a rope and the others came up.

Back in Akron, in clearing weather, the Goodyear blimp took to the air, it made Fort Wayne before deteriorating weather forced it down.

Now the climbers faced easier going. The angle was less steep and there were more secure places to belay. About 75 feet from the top they reached a sloping shelf where it was possible to walk. The only ticklish moment came at a four-foot break in the shelf over a 500-foot drop. One by one the climbers leaped the gap.

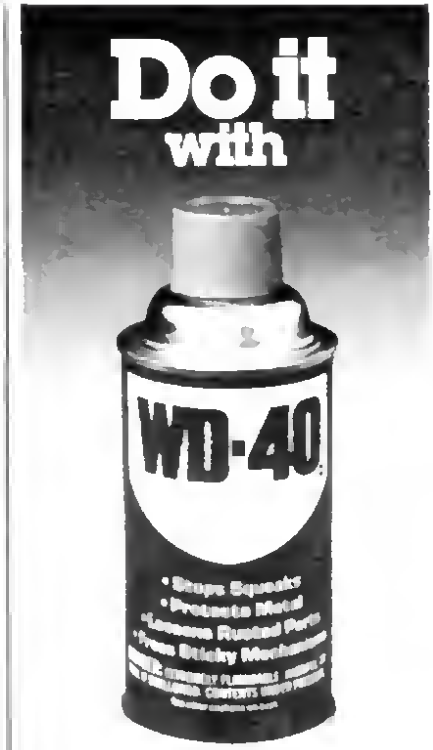
At four o'clock they met Hopkins on the summit. He was sorely disappointed no one had brought any more liquor, but he chatted amiably. The thousand feet of rope lay strung about the acre-and-a-half surface like a giant spider web. Field made a mental inventory of the gear Hopkins had acquired—several blankets, a tent, the fur-lined flying suit, boots and helmet, gloves, hot water bottles, chemical heating pads, portable stove, coal and wood, flashlight, ax, and enough food to fill a general store. The most valuable stuff, including Hopkins' parachute, they heaved over the edge.

The climbers gave Hopkins a quick lesson in rappelling, something he had never heard of, and started the descent. Hopkins took the middle position and Durrance came last. The chutist was an apt pupil and had almost no trouble swinging down the mountain, as slick as any Indian maiden.

With a bright spotlight lent by a Denver radio station, and the headlights of several hundred cars providing additional illumination, the climbers approached the base about 9 p.m. Hopkins faced the crush of reporters and well-wishers even before the rest of the climbers were off the rock.

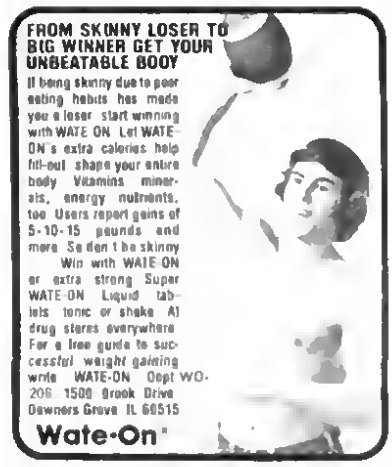
Considering the six days and five nights he had been stranded on Devils Tower, Hopkins was in good shape. "I feel first-class," he said, "but I need plenty of sleep." Other than the cold and boredom—"I bet I counted the boulders on that damned mountain peak a thousand times, and gave 'em all names you couldn't print"—his biggest problem was the resident rodent population, which threatened to devour his foodstuffs while he tried to sleep. Particularly cheeky were what he called "bull chipmunks."

"They would have run off with a whole steak if I hadn't kept throwing rocks at them," he said. But Hopkins prevailed over the chipmunks. In fact, he did better than that. During his ordeal, he gained six pounds. **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 25-31

Compiled by S. BROOKS CLARK

BASEBALL—MIAMI-DADE CC (SOUTH) beat Seminole (Okla.) JC 18–17 to win the National Junior College Athletic Association World Series at Grand Junction, Colo.

BOWLING—BILL SPIGNER edged Mark Williams 237–235 to win the $95,000 City of Roses Open in Portland, Ore.

VIRGINIA NORTON won the singles title at the WIBC national tournament in Baltimore with a score of 672.

BOXING—CORNELIUS BOZA-EDWARDS retained his WBC super-featherweight title by stopping Bobby Chacon in the 14th round in Las Vegas.

GOLF—CRAIG STADLER shot a 10-under-par 270 to win a $400,000 PGA tournament in Bethesda, Md., by six strokes over Tom Watson and Tom Weiskopf.

CATHY REYNOLDS beat Betsy King by two strokes to win a $125,000 LPGA tournament in Greenwich, Conn. She shot a three-under-par 285 for her first pro victory.

RON COMMANS of USC carded a one-under-par 283 to defeat defending champion Jay Don Blake of Utah State by one stroke at the NCAA tourney in Stanford, Calif. BRIGHAM YOUNG shot a total of 1,161 to win the team title by two strokes over Oral Roberts.

HORSE RACING—SPECIAL EFFORT ($4), W. R. Hunt aboard, beat Bar Ruulucks by a length to win the $608,668 Kansas Futurity at Ruidoso (N. Mex.) Downs. The 2-year-old colt did the 350 yards in 18.12 seconds.

ELEVEN STITCHES ($21.60), Sandy Hawley up, beat Temperence Hill by a head to win the $342,600 California at Hollywood Park. The 4-year-old colt ran the 1⅛ miles in 1:48⅘.

George Martens rode SUMMING ($75,200) to a 1½-length victory over Sportin' Life in the $167,300 Pennsylvania Derby at Keystone Race Track. The 3-year-old colt's time for the 1⅛-mile run was 1:49.

LACROSSE—NORTH CAROLINA won the NCAA Division I championship with a 14–13 triumph over Johns Hopkins in Princeton, N.J. (page 26)

HOBART defeated Cortland State 10–8 to win its second Division III title in a row.

MOTOR SPORTS—GILLES VILLENEUVE drove his Ferrari to victory in the 39th Grand Prix of Monaco, averaging 81.99 mph on the 2.07-mile course and finishing 39.9 seconds ahead of Alan Jones, who drove a Williams.

POWERBOATING—BETTY COOK, averaging 84.7 mph in a 38-foot Scarab, won the $35,000 Sulphen *International in the Gulf of Mexico off Fort Myers, Fla.* She beat Paul Clauser, also in a Scarab, by seven minutes over the 206 miles.

ROAD RACING—GRETE WAITZ beat a field of more than 5,000 women, the largest group of female runners ever assembled, to win her third consecutive L'eggs Mini Marathon 10-km run in New York City in 32:43.

SOCCER—NASL: Gordon Sweetzer, a 24-year-old native of Toronto in his second season as a striker for his hometown Blizzard, last week returned impressively from a thigh injury. With Toronto trailing 1–0 at halftime against red-hot Chicago, Sweetzer entered the game to score his first two goals of 1981 and hand the Sting its first loss, by a 3–1 score, in seven games. The Blizzard then lost 2–1 to Southern Division–leading Fort Lauderdale as the Strikers' Robert Meschbach handed out assists to Gerd Mueller and Keith Weller. Chicago, which leads the Central Division, got back on track with a 2–0 victory over Montreal on Sunday. Karl Heinz Granitza striking first. The Cosmos, leaders in the East, had lost two in a row before they got a big performance from Roberto Cabanas of Paraguay, also a second-year man, who scored four goals to beat Dallas 5–1. The Tornado's next loss—it has won only two times in 13 outings this year—was a 3–1 defeat at Atlanta as Paul Child and Brian Kidd combined for all three Chief goals. Though the Cosmos finished the week with a 2–1 defeat at Tampa Bay, Washington couldn't get closer than 20 points to first place. The Dips won 2–1 in a shootout at Tulsa, but lost the return match in D.C. 3–2 in overtime. San Diego retained the top spot in the Western Division with a 2–0 win over Fort Lauderdale, Volkmar Gross getting the shutout and a 2–1 victory at Edmonton, and in the Northwest Division, Vancouver took over the No. 1 spot, beating Portland and Los Angeles by 2–0 scores. Seattle slipped to second with a 3–2 shootout loss at Minnesota. The Sounders won a return match by the same score. Seattle's Steve Daley getting two goals.

ASL: Detroit had the league's best week, beating Cleveland 2–1, Forward Andy Chapman getting one goal, and 3–0 as Chapman scored two more.

SOFTBALL—UTAH STATE won its second consecutive AIAW fast-pitch World Series with a 4–3 victory over Cal State-Fullerton in Norman, Okla.

TENNIS—BRIAN LUSSON of Southwest Texas State defeated his teammate Bart Bernstein 6–1, 6–1 to win the singles crown, and with Bernstein won the doubles title to lead Southwest Texas to the NAIA men's championship in Kansas City, Mo. GUILFORD (N.C.) COLLEGE and GRAND CANYON COLLEGE of Phoenix tied for the women's championship.

TRACK & FIELD—PAM SPENCER of Great Falls, Mont., high jumped 6' 5¼" in Wichita, Kans., to beat Louise Ritter's year-old U.S. women's record of 6' 4¼".

TENNESSEE upset UCLA 61–57 to win the AIAW Division I championship in Austin, Texas.

MILEPOSTS—INDICTED: By a grand jury in New Orleans, jockey ANGELO TROSCLAIR III, on charges that he bribed other jockeys to slow their mounts in a race at the Fair Grounds last February.

NAMED: As manager of the California Angels, GENE MAUCH, 55, who had a .472 winning percentage with the Phillies (1960–68), Expos (1969–75) and Twins (1976–80). He replaces JIM FREGOSI, 39, who was fired after a 22–25 start in his fourth season.

As winner of the NBA's Maurice Podoloff Trophy for being the most valuable player in 1980-81, Forward JULIUS ERVING of the 76ers.

RETIRED: After 21 seasons with the New York Rangers (1960-76) and Boston Bruins (1976-81), Center JEAN RATELLE, 40, whose 491 career goals and 1,267 points place him ninth and sixth, respectively, on the all-time NHL list. He will become an assistant to Gerry Cheevers, coach of the Bruins.

TRADED: By the Montreal Expos, Outfielder ELLIS VALENTINE, 26, to the New York Mets for right-handed Pitcher JEFF REARDON, 25, and a minor-league outfielder.

CREDITS

8—Manny Millan. **20-22**—Paul Kennedy. **23**—Buck Miller (top); Paul Kennedy. **24,25**—Hal Stoelzle. **28,29**—Manny Millan. **30**—Jerry Wachtar, Focus On Sports. **33**—Andy Hayt. **34,35**—Diana Walker. **36**—Jerry Wachtar, Focus On Sports. **39**—Diana Walker. **40**—Andy Hayt. **71**—Fred Kaplan. **82,85**—John Iacono. **86, 99**—Steve Ross. **87**—Richard Kalvar, Magnum. **92,93**—Lane Stewart. **94**—John Iacono. **95**—Manny Millan. **96, 100**—Lane Stewart. **115**—PHAN Michael Davenport.

FACES IN THE CROWD



MICHAEL ANORETTI
NAZARETH, PA.

Michael, the son of two-time *Indy* 500 winner Mario and a college freshman, drove his Formula Ford to victory in each of his first three SCCA amateur road races this year, at West Palm Beach, Sebring, Fla. and Summit Point, W. Va.



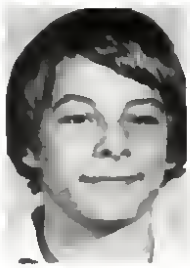
FRANKLIN STUBBS
BAMLET, N.C.

Stubbs, a 6' 2" sophomore first baseman at Virginia Tech, led the Hokies to a 48–9 season by hitting 29 home runs, tying the NCAA single-season record. He also had a .417 average, 83 RBIs, 59 walks and 34 steals (in 37 attempts).



KAY HANKINS
PRAIRIE DU SAC, WIS.

Hankins, a 36-year-old grocery-store department manager, defeated Aileen McComas of Blue Springs, Mo. to win her third straight women's open title at the World Cow-Chip Contest in Beaver, Okla. Her winning toss was 91' 5".



TONY BARNETT
BETHESDA, MD.

Tony, 13, won six events at the Eastern Zone Age-Group Swimming Championships in Philadelphia. Among his wins were a 12-and-under national record of 58.04 in the 100-yard backstroke and a second best ever of 58.07 in the 100 IM.



TERRI TURNER
NEW CANEY, TEXAS

Terri, a junior at New Caney High, established a national girls' high school record with a triple jump of 40' 9½" at the state Class 4A track and field meet. She surpassed the mark of 40' 1½" set by Charlotte Reese of Columbia, S.C. last year.



DONALD RAMSEY
EUGENE, ORE.

Ramsey, 24, a petty officer on the U.S.S. *Midway*, beat 213 others with a time of 33:10 in the onship Gonzo Memorial 10-km run. The race, held in intense heat on the Indian Ocean, covered 21 laps of the carrier's flight deck.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE NUMBERS GAME

Sir.

I respect Bill James' hard and enthusiastic work (*He Does It by the Numbers*, May 25), but still, statistics are used to serve a purpose and often ignore external factors. My father used to say that a statistician is the fellow who will tell you that if the cook has one foot in the oven and the other in the freezer, on the average he is very comfortable.

As a lifelong Phillies fan, I was hurt and surprised by Mr. James' assessment of Philadelphia as a probable fifth-place team last year. The Phillies organization is recognized far and wide as a class act; it has developed and acquired outstanding player personnel. The Phillies didn't win the World Series by accident: no team does.

I'm afraid the Phillies were losers for so many years that the stigma stuck even after three straight divisional championships. This year, even after winning a world championship, they aren't generally picked to win their division despite fielding a stronger club.

I suggest that Mr. James remember that statistics prove too little. The intangibles that make a winner cannot be measured.

GEORGE H. LATHAM
Richmond, Va

Sir.

I enjoyed Daniel Okrent's article on Bill James, but I take exception to his observation that James can analyze fielding statistically, resolving the "age-old problem" once and for all. James' assumption is that a ball not handled by a fielder is the fielder's fault. James obviously bases his analysis on the fielding of Larry Bowa. The fact that Bowa handled fewer chances than some of his contemporaries may mean to James that Bowa has "the range of the Birdman of Alcatraz," but it can also be interpreted that Bowa simply had fewer balls hit anywhere near him. Keep in mind that he is playing alongside Mike Schmidt, who keeps many balls from going into the hole.

We shouldn't be so awed by James' calculations that we overlook another age-old problem—that statistics can be made to say whatever we want them to.

DAN HOWALD
Elkins Park, Pa.

Sir:

I enjoyed the article on Bill James so much that I stayed up most of the night working on some statistics of my own. I took his Runs Created formula and applied it to the career totals of each of the 100 best offensive players I could think of. I divided each result by the number of games played by that person to arrive at a Runs Created Per Game statistic. This number (or fraction) predicts, plus or minus 3%, what a given player would contribute to the number of runs his team would score per game.

What is the best hypothetical offensive team of all time? In arriving at mine, in some cases I had to estimate the "caught stealing" variable in the formula; a variation in my estimate wouldn't change the player selected, but it would slightly alter his predicted runs created per game:

Babe Ruth, OF	1.09
Lou Gehrig, 1B	1.04
Ted Williams, OF	1.02
Rogers Hornsby, 2B	.90
Ty Cobb, OF	.89*
Joe DiMaggio, OF	.89*
George Brett, 3B	.75
Honus Wagner, SS	.71
Mickey Cochrane, C	.70

*tie

No pitcher is included. But this team is predicted to score *on average* better than *seven runs* per game. With that kind of offensive prowess, Ruth would probably be effective enough pitching from the outfield!

MARK M. O'CONNELL
Chicago

THE GREATEST

Sir:

Thank you for the article and photos on Greg Louganis (*Winging on Toward Immortality*, May 11). He is, without question, the greatest diver I have ever seen. I can't add to the superlatives—you've already said it.

BOB CLOTWORTHY
Olympic Springboard Diving Champion, 1956
University of Wisconsin-Eau Claire
Eau Claire, Wis.

HOOPS AND WHEELS

Sir:

Congratulations to John Papanek for his article on a truly great team (*Once More with a Lot of Feeling*, May 25). I've been a Celtic fan all my life and have read many articles about them, but this one sent chills up and down my spine more than once.

MARK MURPHY
Danbury, Conn.

Sir:

If the sweat-soaked jerseys of Larry Bird and Cedric Maxwell don't personify the work ethic of the NBA champion Boston Celtics, nothing does.

MICHAEL PATRICK GORDON
Chicago

Sir:

Technical foul, gentlemen. Celtics' 14th title not on cover. If A.J. Foyt wins, *then* put him on the cover.

CLINT BAKER
Odessa, Fla.

Sir:

The Boston Celtics are the greatest sports franchise of all time, having held the NBA championship 40% of the time. I don't consider A.J. Foyt (*Get Out of the Way, Here Comes A.J.*, May 25) as exciting as Larry Bird or Tiny Archibald. Auto racing is a sedentary sport.

SEAN M. MCCARTHY
Quincy, Mass

Sir:

Back in the early '70s I was a teen-ager who really loved racing, and my greatest hero was A.J. Foyt. At that time I was having a lot of health problems and ended up having one of my feet amputated. They were very tough times for me, and to pick myself up I would write letters to Foyt's sponsor, Jim Gilmore. To my surprise, he would answer every letter and he sent me Foyt souvenirs, such as hats and T shirts.

The year before I lost my foot, Mr. Gilmore arranged one of the great moments of my life. Before a race at Michigan International Speedway he brought me to the garage area and introduced me to my idol, A.J. Foyt. The following May, upon learning that I couldn't afford to attend Indy, Mr. Gilmore sent me two tickets, plus spending money so I could see the race.

I don't think you could find two better men in all of sport than Jim Gilmore and A.J. Foyt.

DON DAUER
Toledo

FIGHTING ILLINI

Sir:

Thank you! Thank you! Finally a publication with national exposure has seen fit to tell the whole truth about the stoning that the Big Ten is giving to the University of Illinois (*The Big Ten's Big Mess*, May 25).

In an attempt to show the nation how tough the Big Ten is on rule violators, the conference brought trumped-up charges before their own kangaroo court and sentenced the Illinois athletic department to death.

If the proposed sanctions aren't dropped, I say go independent and let the "little" Ten self-destruct without Illinois.

DAVID TIMM
Fort Wayne, Ind.

ERRATA

Sir:

Despite the fact that Cedric Maxwell (*Once More With a Lot of Feeling*, May 25) may have played beyond his young years in the

continued

This is the last MGB ad you'll ever see.

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pros in the recent NBA championship series he is still not old enough to have hailed from Kingston, N C. In fact, there is no living soul from Kingston, N C However, there are a number of famous people from *Kinston*, N C —a municipality that has been in existence under that name since Revolutionary War times when local townspeople who, like other Americans, were disgruntled with the English monarchy and decided to drop the "g" from the town name to show their irreverence for royalty

HILL CARROW
Raleigh, N C

Sir

J.D Reed's article on DMSO (*A Miracle? Or Is It a Mirage?* April 20) was most informative, but also very misleading In reading the text one gets the distinct impression that the training room at the University of Oregon is a place where DMSO is commonly and frequently used with the full knowledge of the medical staff We have never allowed, nor will we allow, the illicit use of DMSO in the Treatment Center or any other Athletic Department medical facility

We are most distressed at the overall impression that the article gives of our facility, our staff and our athletes here at the University of Oregon.

RICHARD K TROXEL, ATC
Assistant Athletic Trainer
Eugene, Ore

• Reed's depiction of Alberto Salazar applying DMSO in the University of Oregon's training room is untrue. Although Salazar freely admits to having used the drug elsewhere, he also denies ever having applied it in a university facility —ED

Sir

As much as I admire the work of Graham Finlayson, I have to put the record straight The pictures that illustrated my piece on surfcasting (*Guzzlers and Ditters*, June 1) were shot by another old friend, the equally admirable Tony Duffy

CLIVE GAMMON
New York City

COONEY

Sir

I have heard a picture is worth a thousand words. Well, if a million words were printed about the Gerry Cooney-Kenny Norton fight, the pictures in the SI May 25th issue covered every one of them

BRIAN E HILTY
Greensburg, Pa

Sir

Your article on the Cooney-Norton fight represents a triumph of eloquence over Cosell-style blathering Thank you

R W DYCHE III
London, Ky

Sir,

In his article *Gerry Cooney Can't Beat His English Teacher* (May 4), William Nack

continued

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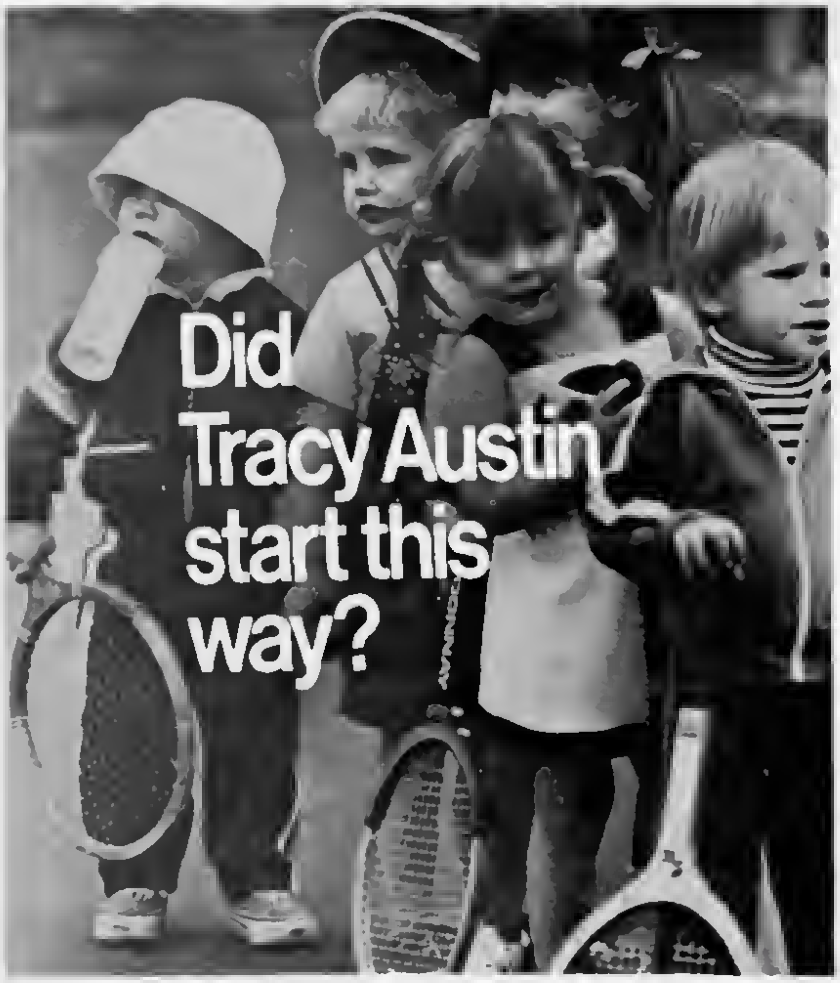
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A Sports Illustrated Book

Little, Brown

questioned Cooney's stamina, saying, "He has never been beyond eight rounds."

On Jan. 13, 1979 I had the good fortune to be in the ring as the referee on one of those eight-round occasions. Cooney was boxing Eddie (The Animal) Lopez in the preliminaries to the Kallie Knoetze-Bill Sharkey fight. Just before I gave my instructions to the boxers, a member of the boxing commission motioned me over and cautioned me to "stop it quickly if it gets out of hand," so I took a close look at the fighters. Lopez was a swarthy, tattooed brawler sporting a Fu Manchu mustache and a rugged build, while Cooney was 6'6" and pale by comparison. In fact, with his shamrock-decorated trunks, Cooney looked more like a Boston Celtics reject than he did a fighter.

Based on what I had been told and their physical appearances, I fully expected an early ending. Wrong! It was a rough give-and-take brawl, with Cooney taking the decision. I had never seen or heard of Cooney before that night, but he made an impression on me because he did show stamina for eight grueling rounds.

ED ECKERT
Miami

COLOR

Sir:

In LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER (May 4) you say: "With this issue SPORTS ILLUSTRATED substantially expands its color capability." Usually I take pleasure in sharing your magazine with my three children, ages 13, 10 and 8, but unfortunately your expanding "color capability" apparently includes pictures such as the semi-pornographic photograph introducing the article *Gotcha! Hook, Line and Lingerie* in the same issue. If flytier John Betts must visit Frederick's of Hollywood under the ruse of obtaining synthetic materials for seductive fishing flies, that's his choice. However, I do not care to have my children exposed to such trash.

H E. HASSON
Narberth, Pa.

Sir:

Your LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER quotes Assistant Managing Editor Kenneth Rudeen as saying, "If you've ever seen the yellow of the [University of Kansas] Jayhawk's bill and the reds and blues of its plumage, you'd hate to settle for a pallid illustration in black and white." We readers who will enjoy the full-color of future photographs in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED are thankful that Rudeen is a graduate of Kansas and not Bowdoin College. Bowdoin's color is white, and the mascot is a student dressed as a polar bear.

JOHN A. BLEYLE
Bowdoin '66
Upper Arlington, Ohio

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020

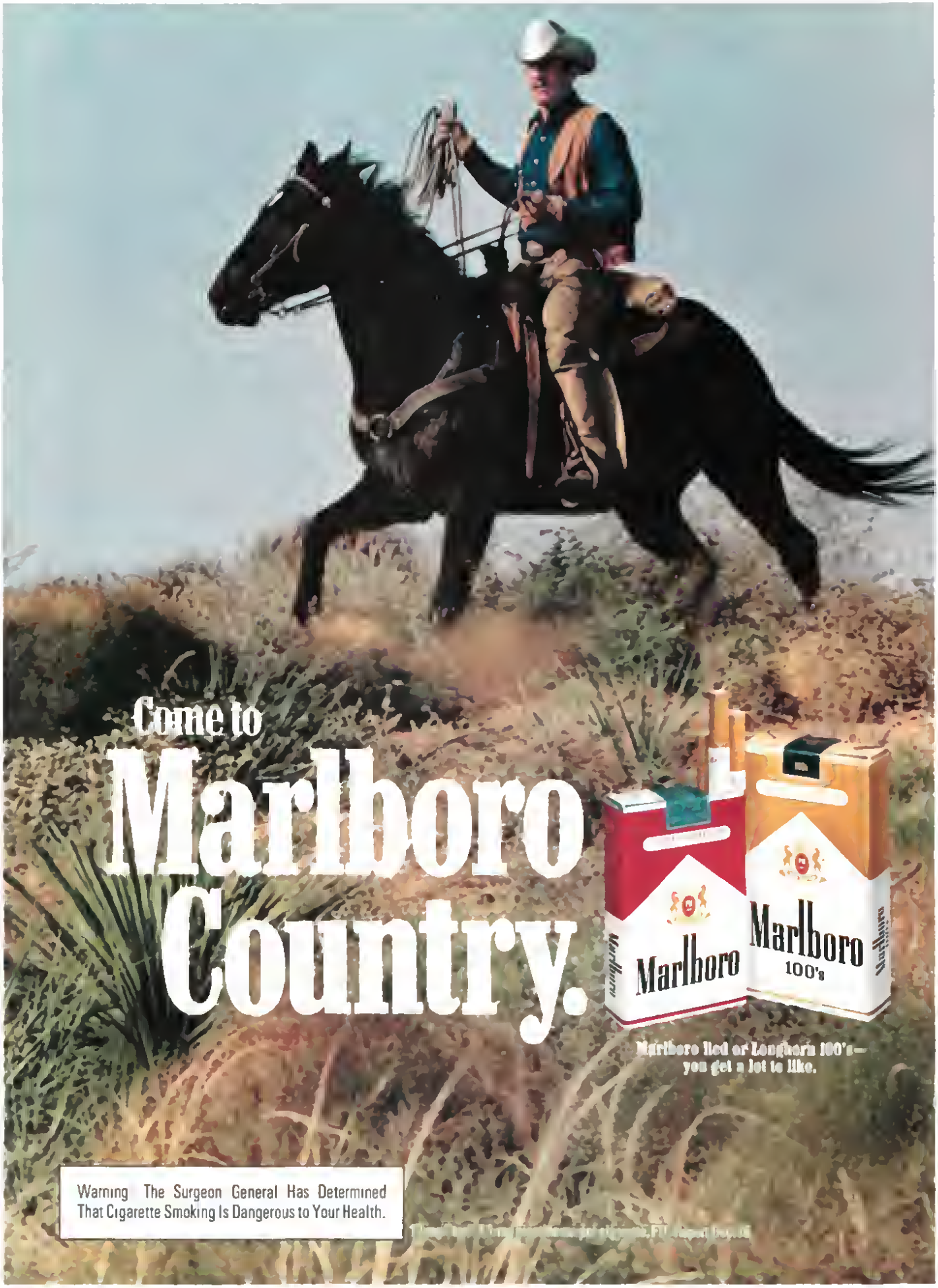


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